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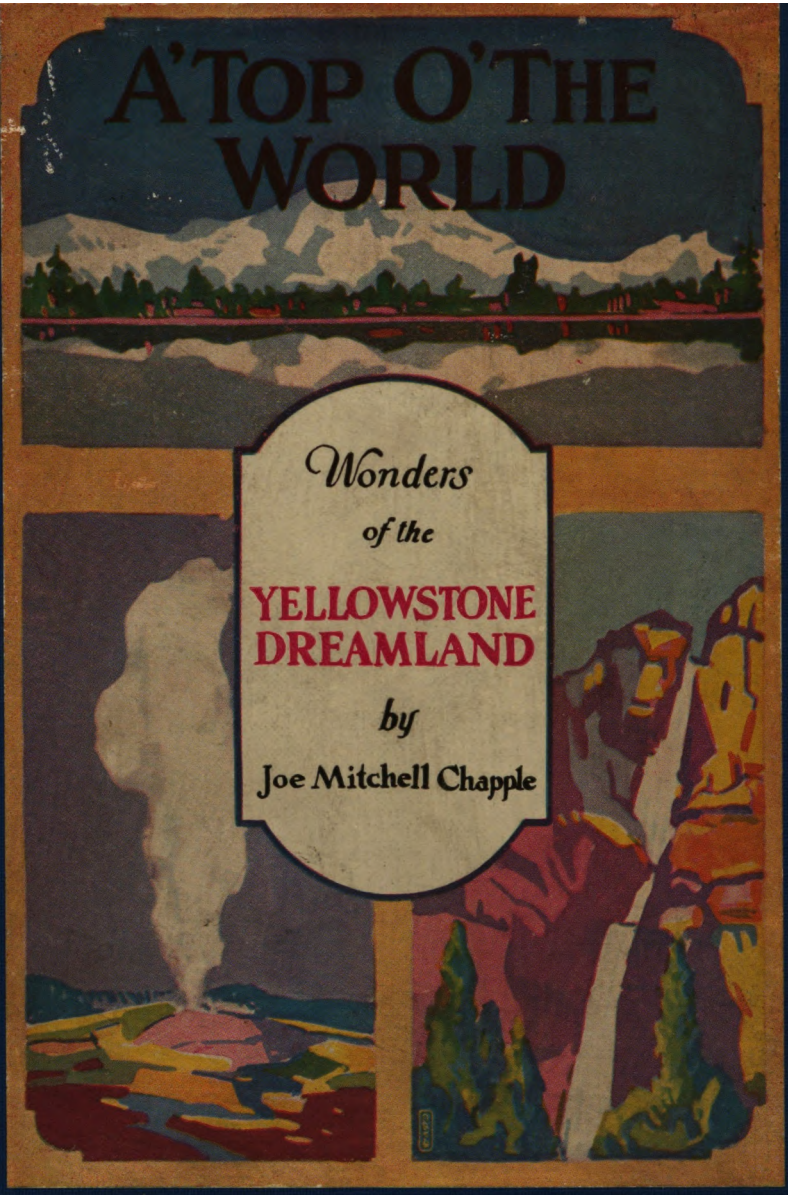
A'TOP O'THE WORLD



Wonders

of the

YELLOWSTONE DREAMLAND

by

Joe Mitchell Chapple

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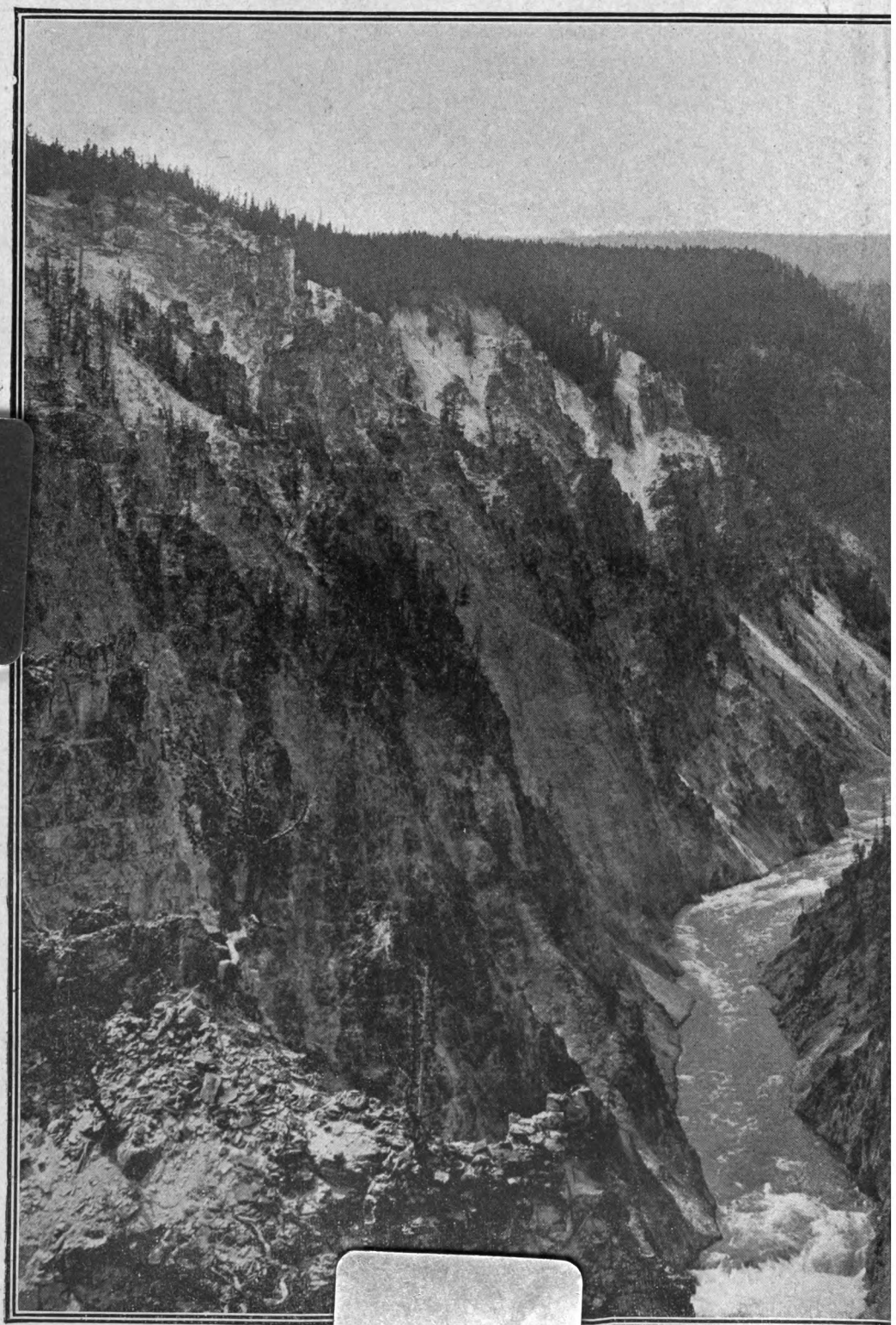

The gorgeous prismatic splendor of [redacted] *rtist's Point reveals the moods of the* [redacted] *onderful color picture of nature one*

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y in varied pictures. In the noontide splendor Yellowstone Canyon is supreme. In looking upon this
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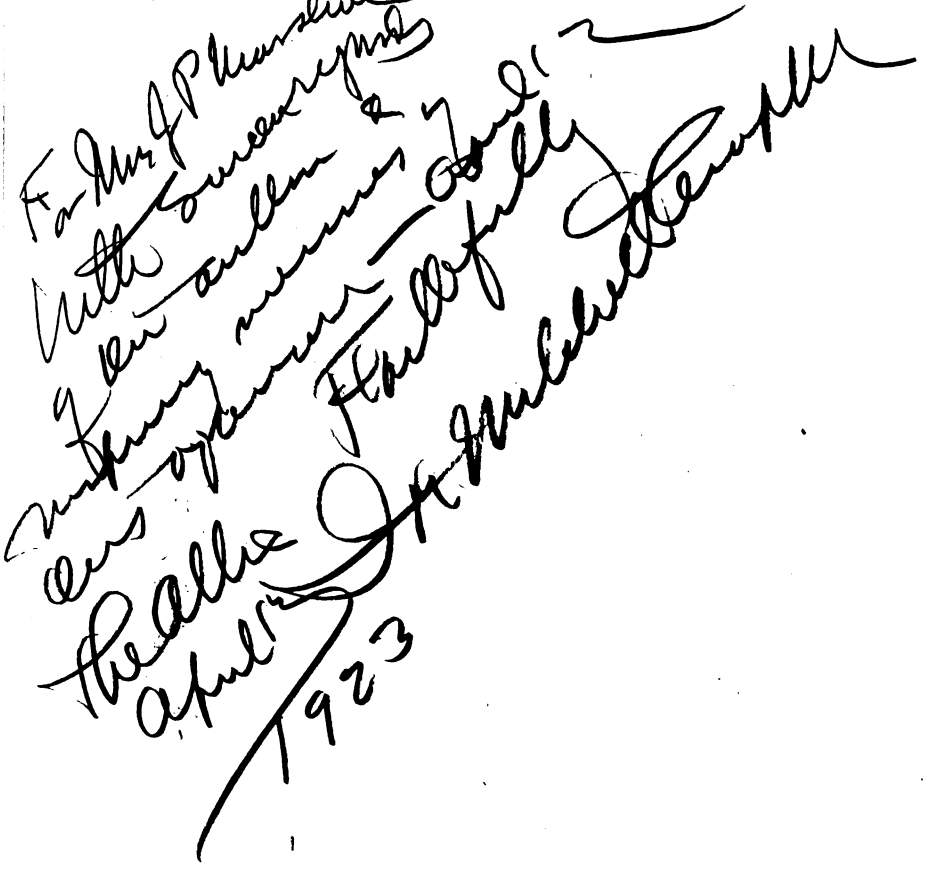

Photo by J. E. Haynes

This is not, as you might suppose at first glance, the effect of a depth bomb at sea. It is merely the "Old Faithful" geyser in the Yellowstone National Park, relieving its overcharged feelings in its customary way

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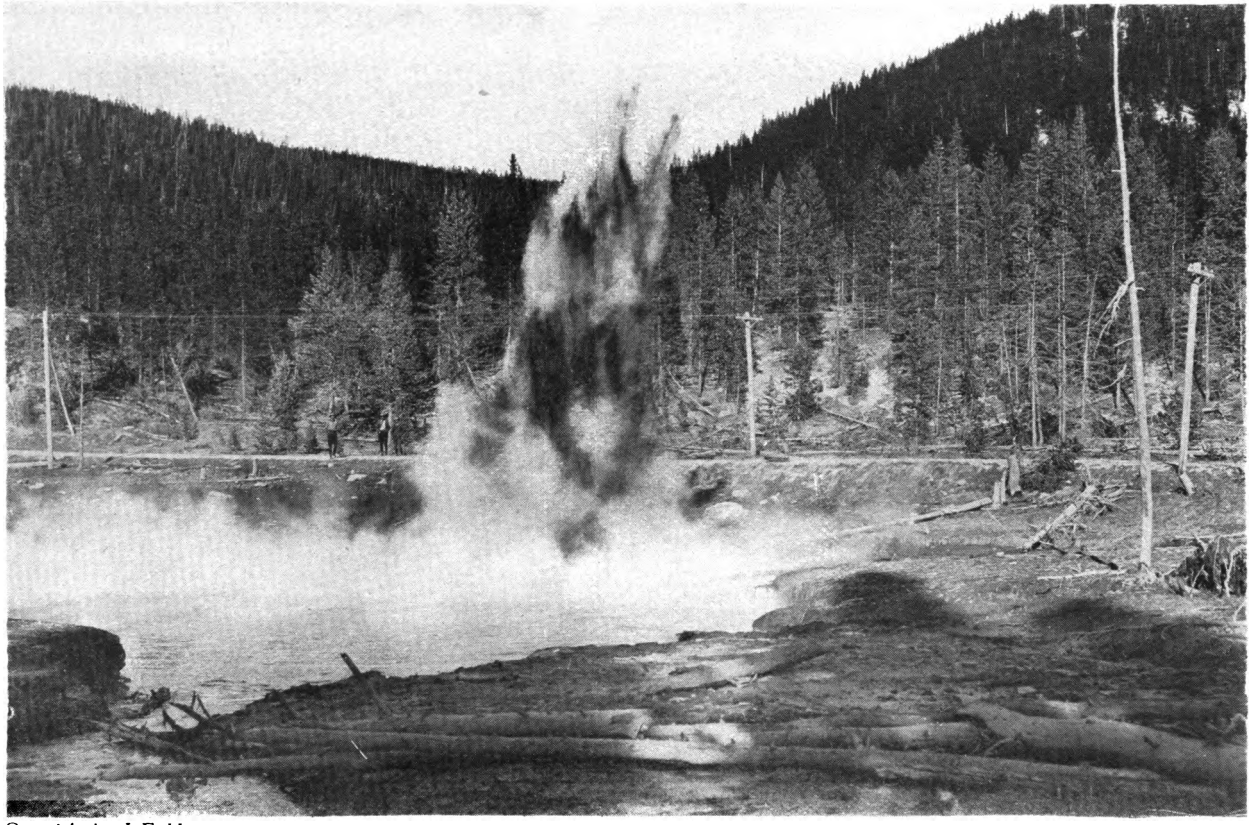

Copyright by J. E. Haynes

The "Semi-Centennial" Geyser, which first spouted on the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Yellowstone Park. It shot mud and rocks 300 feet into the air with the fury of a "Big Bertha"—attaining the highest altitude of any geyser in the Park

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A'TOP O' THE WORLD

Wonders of the Yellowstone Dreamland

by

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

1922
CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd.
BOSTON

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FOREWORD

A Little Chat with the Reader

AT the suggestion of friends I have dared much in an effort to express the feelings that come, witnessing the dramatic majesty of Nature.

Emotions overwhelm me as I endeavor to make a prosaic pen speak of things that words cannot adequately portray; these are the thrills that the Creator intends we shall feel when we witness the splendor of His almighty works. And only those who have seen Yellowstone realize the presence of His revealing spirit there. Here the colors of the spectrum blend in every shade and hue—Nature's own pigments which only the hand of God himself can palette into such pictures eternal.

Enduring visions are enkindled in the magic of memories associated with the dream days amid the wonders of the Yellowstone. The sponsor of this book opened to me the golden gates of memory to childhood days and dreams of my sainted mother.

An old friend, I think it was John Muir, once urged me, during vacation days in the painted desert of Arizona, to "go lay your head in Nature's lap and let her tell you stories."

Here are the stories and visions of dream days—all alone with Mother Nature.

Ira Mitchell Chapple

The Attic
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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Dedicated

TO MY

WIFE

KNOWN AS "MRS. JOE"

THE PAL OF

MANY HAPPY YEARS

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A'TOP O' THE WORLD

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On Reading Joe Chapple's A'top o' the World

I have sat in a room
Dim lit and tender:
In the magic of your memories,
The witchery of your words,
The high soaring of your spirit,
I have felt
All the winds of the world
Blowing
Through the silences
Of understanding,
Blowing
Upon the Beauty
That is God's voice
Speaking to all Mankind.

It is morning
Dim robed
And misted,
Morning new born from the matchless
mystery of the night;
Hush—and her footstep
Is a silence
Trailing through the spaces
Into a limitless realm of light:
Morning
Walking proudly
Fearlessly
And dream filled:
And lo!
Before the lifted loveliness of her
face
The stars pale
And the sun
In regal robes of glory
Rises
To lay this tribute of light
At her feet.

It is noon:
Day at its height
And the mind of Man
Reaching to the height
Within himself,
Looking
To the burning
And the blessing
And the beauty
That is Life!
Here in the full flush of the noon
There is a strength,
An aspiration
A knowledge
Of all Created.
Man stands fearless before himself
Under the glow of the sun
That smile
Of God's presence upon him.
Life at the noontide
Is a work—
And work
A worship—
And worship
A knowledge of the purpose and the
power
Of the spirit.

It is dusk
And in the stillness
The soft moving of dreams,
The sweet magic of memories,
The wide wonder of the silences.
There is the strength of the Forever
In all that is limitless.
The stars
Hold on high their lamps
Of Hope lighted:
The mystery of Time
Hovers in the hush
And enfolds that loneliness
Of the spirit,
Lifting it
To a realization of the Unseen,
Pointing it
To a vision of all worlds
United!

There is a blending
And a being
Of God
Born ever anew within us.

So it is this day
In the stars singing,
The noon throbbing,
The dusk
Pouring out the passion and the power
of Life,
I dare
To reach upward
And there
To touch
The finger tips of the Eternal.

THEODOCIA PEARCE.

Boston, September 25th, 1922.

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I

A'TOP O' THE WORLD

RUSHING onward over the prairies of Dakota and out of the darkness of the "Bad Lands," we are thrilled at the dim sight of Montana's rising peaks. All these are wearing their eiderdown nightcaps of snow that seem to have been tied under their chins by some fairy godmother of long ago who had forgotten to awaken them when morning came. It is an unexpected feast to the eye of the traveler; each mile across the desert wildness promises more and more of the bewitching loveliness of the mountains as we glide up and around the Yellowstone Valley.

Amid the green of the winding glades we behold the rugged architecture of the rangers' cabins; to the left are the grazing horses, each handsome creature marked with the brand of its owner. They lift their heads as our big, black engine puffs its way around the sweeping curves of the mountains, and with a snort and a kick, away they gallop to a far-off hillock, then turn and gaze upon the curious creatures, human beings and iron horses, who dare to invade their domain!

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Swiftly the picture changes as the train hastens onward, and ere we are aware of it, the conductor is calling out a cheery "Gardiner Gateway! Welcome to Yellowstone!"

There is a rush of eagerness when the pilgrims find themselves before a railway station, constructed of great logs still wearing their rough coats of primeval bark, with a winding train shed canopied with monarchs of forest land.

How the scenes change from hour to hour! Here it is early morning. There is a peculiar weirdness about it all, and the magnificent silence is broken only by the "I-can-start-it," "I-can-do-it" snorting of the iron horse, impatient to carry another load of human freight back to the foot of the mountains.

The yellow chariot-auto of the Yellowstone Park Company is ready for the jolly tourists who hail from every corner of the globe, and yet who are all imbued with the happy-go-lucky, get-there-quick American spirit. Among them we find a Chinese doctor, an African missionary, a Spanish opera star, several titled Englishmen, merry school teachers bound for a joyous holiday away from the crowded schoolrooms; lawyers who seek diversion from the humdrums of the courts—all making up a happy band of pilgrims, bound for the wonderland of the Yellowstone. Yes, and here is the "old man with the smoked glasses," whose real name we shall never know; surely he is the original over whom the

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cartoonists rave and fill our daily pages. He, indeed, is the real personification of the funny Monsieur Perichon.

The chauffeur-guide watches well his gears, at the same time answering a volley of questions that pour from the seats, fore and aft, and laughing heartily at the exclamations of wonderment. Winding up the mountain road, one of our ears is busy listening to the rushing of the waters in the valley below, while the other catches the quips of the driver. We have now reached the point in our journey where every moment is precious.

We are a'top o' the world.

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II

In The Light of the Morning Stars

THE black night has faded. We are revelling in the glory of the morning stars. The canopy of heaven is thickly studded with constellations more brilliant than could be portrayed on canvas. The millions of planets in the firmament shine out like great searchlights. On either side of the road are the fields of green alfalfa, laden with the fragrance of the morning, bejeweled with glistening dewdrops. Here the elk and the bison roam unmolested in the bleak winter days—but now it is June.

We have arrived at the arched portal of the playground of the people. There stands the sentinel. He who enters here must be disarmed. And this is truly a disarmament, for in this great empire of peace, both man and beast alike are immune from the ravages of powder and bullet. Here is the gateway dedicated by Roosevelt "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People"—the way to a most wonderful vacation. Other travelers at this moment are also entering Yellowstone from the gateways at West Yellowstone, Cody and Lander.

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In the caravans of autos awaiting their turn at the gates are the "sage-brushers," farmers and city folk who have traveled far, representing practically every state in the Union, coming to enjoy the camping grounds of Uncle Sam. How surprised is the little daughter of the African missionary! She tells us she expected to find nothing but cowboys here.

Everybody feels at home. Even the dog has curled himself up on the fender of the car. The autos are equipment-laden from radiator to tail light; every inch of space counts. There is a large family within—father, mother, children—even the year-old, for even babes visit this dreamland. All are astir at this early hour, under the light of the morning stars, eager to pass across the boundary of the Park.

Off through the winding vales of Gardiner Canyon is the Gardiner River, rippling forth its matins before it is disturbed by the birds at the dawn. Therein flow the surging, bubbling waters of the boiling river, whose temperatures change from "hot to cold," without labeled faucets.

The caravans are now on their way to the hotels and the camps, but the sage-brushers push on to select one of the many, many favorite spots on which to pitch tent or automobile. Then ho for the spirit of nomadic life!

In the camps are the young folk, already up before the dawn, cheerily singing and drinking in the glories

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of the morning. There is a merry clink of water pitchers under the tap, and high upon an overhanging rock, like the Lorelei of the song, sits a maiden, combing her hair. Truly she is the spirit of early morning.

At Mammoth Springs, the capital of the Park, are the old barracks of the army post. Aglow with the light of the morning stars are the old red roofs and the dim, gray stone walls, stern reminders of the struggles of many an Indian battle in the early days. The old parade ground is now a peaceful lawn. Here, too, is the old stage coach that in its lifetime has witnessed many a thrilling adventure; its sides still show the scars from the bullets of the "hold-up man" and hostile Indian. This is the same old Deadwood coach in which proudly rode many a potentate of the old frontier days. Its doors still swing on leather hinges; its red paint is blistered with the sun; the snows, the rains and the frosts of many long years have left their marks upon it. And yet, the old veteran seems to bob a welcome to us, even now amid the fumes of gasoline, mingled with the sulphuric vapors of the hot springs of Yellowstone. All these scenes are fascinating in the starlight afterglow. Comes now the surge of an indescribable something that pierces our veins with the premonition that we are entering a foreign land; we have left the world behind. We have arrived in God's own country.

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The scene shifts from the early morning ride to the breakfast table. Wholesome food is here to stimulate the ever-increasing flow of fellowship, and it is here at the table that we begin to find that there are new words being created which were never known to our friend Noah Webster of dictionary fame. The chauffeur-guides are our "gear-jammers"; all camp employes are "savages"; a tourist (male or female) is a "dude"; a machinist is a "grease-jammer," and the hotel employes are "heavers."

Practically all employes at camps and hotels are college girls and boys; here you will find that both work and play are the order of the day. The "savage" who has been known to go for a walk in Lover's Lane with a "dude" is classed a "rotten-logger," which means that the twain must have occupied a seat on the selfsame log away from the jolly crowd that gathers nightly around the camp fires to sing and entertain one another.

I slip away from the clatter of dishes to look once more upon the fading stars—as if to say grace for the morning meal. A little group has preceded me. We stand in silence, with the anticipation of happy days—the time when the morning stars sang together and all of the suns of God shouted for joy.

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III

SUNRISE AT THE TERRACES OF THE GODS

WITH the reverence of the Sun-worshippers come the sleepy-eyed early-risers—slaves to scenic moods—out across the old parade grounds of Fort Yellowstone, at Mammoth. They are scheduled to witness the sunrise at the Terraces of the Gods in almanac time. The full tide of color curves the rim of the mountains and distinguishes the horizon from the pink of the early morning skies, and the rays of the golden light are reflected upon Hymen's Altar, behind which stands the grim Pulpit Rock. It is all so serene and expectant, as if in full readiness for a solemn nuptial service.

The waters trickle over the Terraces in whispered silence, as if stealthily creeping over the plush-covered Stairway of the Gods, and fearful of disturbing the matins of the birds. On the crest the rainbow-tinted pools of boiling water suggest a preparation of morning coffee, but the sulphuric waters have laid low the living shrub and tree that stood in their pathways.

Jets of steam breathe from the summit of the

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Photo by J. E. Haynes

The Oblong Geyser is on the opposite side of the Firehole River from Chromatic Pool. It is counted one of the finest examples of interior geyser in the park. Large masses of tan-colored geyserite form the rim, and the water is of a delicate blue. Preceding eruptions the crater fills and boils for a quarter of an hour

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This is not in Florida, the Pelican State, but miles above the sea level in Yellowstone. The pelicans chatter and hold high carnival as they converse on climate. They know how to get close together when there is something to eat and talk about

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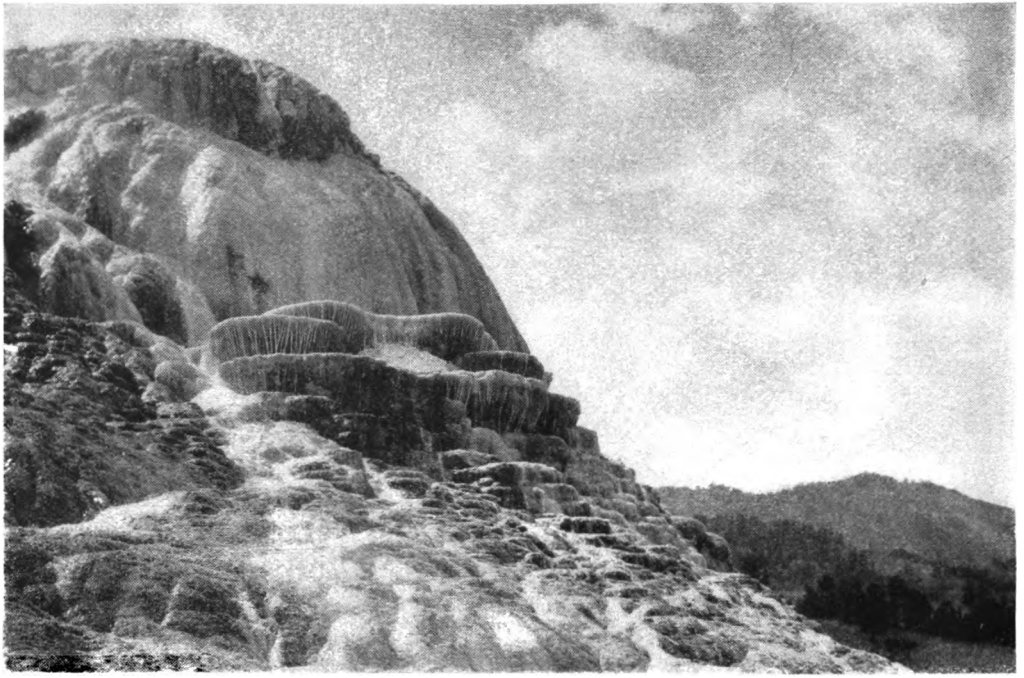

Photo by J. E. Haynes

The Terraces of the Gods are Hot Springs. In all the colors of the rainbow there is here a sculptured picture of Niagara held in suspense in radiant hues. The steaming halo-tinted terraces are surrounded by mountains, the long palisaded battlements of Mt. Evert to the east; the rounded dome of Bunsen Peak to the south; the peaks of the Gallatin Range in the west; and the rugged masses of the Snowy Range in the north. With the water trickling over their elaborate incrustations, the terraces glow with a matchless harmony of color that makes them seem like living organisms

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Terraces, exuding the healthful and antiseptic odor of sulphur. Under our very feet as we climb upward the waters bubble gently down, building formations as they fall, and leaving their rocky beds to glisten with a brilliant, solid yellow. Perhaps this is what gave rise to the Indian title of "Yellowstone," which they called this section of the country. The little algae plants are already at work in their alchemic miracles of form and color.

Somewhere in the distance there is a roar. Hear! It is the voice of a deep-throated geyser pouncing upon the victim of his conquest. Now we are standing at the very spot where the heated breath is blown through the mighty portals of a cavern in the rocks. This is the Devil's Kitchen—and yet no breakfast is in sight. But ah, what a feast for the eye is set before us!

There in the glory of the sunrise stand Jupiter and Minerva arrayed in the full-orbed splendor of rainbow hues, petrified miniatures of Niagara. The dripping of the water is the sweat that is oozing from the brow of the Terraces, tugging away in this magic laboratory of the gods.

All aglow in the purity of whiteness glistens the beautiful Angel Terrace nearby, forming yet another contrast to the picture. Its robes are studded with dead trees, and by half-closing the eyes, we may fancy that we are gazing through a frosted window upon a winter scene of New England, where bare

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trunks, twigs, and branches, decorated with icicles, are battling with Boreas.

The gorgeous coloring and form of thermal springs in all of their unrivalled magic are here aglow with the splendor of the sunrise. The tracery of exquisite beauty in unity and color and hue include every pattern in Nature's weaving.

Amid the wonder of this golden stairway stands Minerva, a goddess supreme, clad in the purity of vapor, sparkling in the amber of the gathering sunrise, and partaking of the blue of the summer skies and the jade of the foliage in her royal mantle.

The sun lends his assistance in spreading Minerva's robes over the mountainside, so that the marvel children of the terrace may continue their play by day, oblivious of the turbulence that comes with new-born spring, eager to join in their song of creation. Even the suffused rays of the sunrise fail to reach as far as the Canyon side, although there is no conflict of light and shadow. These are harmoniously blended into the tapestries of the curtain of approaching day.

The flute-voiced plover sends forth his call of the morning. His mate replies. Another joins in the birds' Gloria Patria, then another, and soon the whole adjacent primeval forest is echoing and re-echoing with the morning anthem.

The natural impulse of the "untourified" is to experiment, just for the sake of finding out if the

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water is really as hot as it seems. A finger or hand is immersed for a test—and it is quickly withdrawn. With its combination of mysterious chemicals, the water has come to a white heat and burns as no other hot water burns. The breath of Satan scalds and blights to kill.

Adown the road with cheery halloo, in our royal coach, a yellow bus, and we are off to Silver Gate, which stands a sentinel before the first real gleam of sunrise. Amid the rocky battlements we fancy that we can hear the retreating of the soft-footed, swift-winged fairies on the soft, cool vapors of the morning zephyrs. The heart pulses faster as the morning unfolds and the sun begins his play on the rocky crags above.

"Yo, ho! Yo, ho!"

Here beside the trail is an Indian—a traditional Sun-worshipper—holding aloft for our inspection one of the silvery fish, a mountain trout, which he has caught in the stream nearby. The smoke of the campfire comes to our nostrils, like the incense to the spirit of the woodlands. A hearty grunt proclaims the advent of a mother bear and her cubs in search of their share of the Indian's breakfast. What romance is astir in these hills! Animal and man are met in peace conference without pact or seal.

Riding along the rocky ledge, we behold the far-famed Hoodoo Rocks, lying together in massed

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confusion, rectangular in form—a wrecked mountain where giants gamboled. Perhaps these were Lucifer's blocks which he dashed for a fall into the depths of Hoodoo Land when he grew tired of playing with them one day. There they lie, all topsy-turvy, just as he hurled them aside. Like the black rocks of Camaralzaman in "Arabian Nights," they seem to spring to life at the flush of sunrise.

Let us pause in silence as the sky changes its draperies from lavender to pink, and from pink to red. And now a radiance reflects in the streams below as the ribbons of the rainbow colors stretch far beyond. The red line of the horizon grows heavier; now deeper; and even as we watch him, Old Sol shakes off his nightcap and arises in all his pomp. Here is glory indescribable as, a little way behind Hoodoo Land we approach the other sentinel known as the Golden Gate.

The elk at the crag outposts haughtily challenges us for a countersign. This is the gate of gold named for its graceful form and for its power of reflecting the glories of the sun.

In the roadside camp of the sage-brusher is heard the laughter of happy children, together with the merry twitter of the song birds. Here is the forest; here are the fragrance of wildflowers, the sweetness of waters of everlasting fountains, the warmth of the summer sunshine and the coolness of winter snows, the silvery glistening of raindrops, the virgin purity

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of snowflakes even in summer days, the song of a soul praising its maker. We are overwhelmed with the voice of all of these things as they join in an unending hymn.

Drifts of snow bordering the summerland furnish no end of delight. The pilgrims stop to click their cameras at every drift. Nor can their elders resist the childhood pleasures of a jolly good snowballing. Yes, we grow younger. Time slips away, and we join the hearty laughter when a misdirected snowball finds its way to the nose of one good lady, dislodging her spectacles and falling in a fluffy mass on her taffeta gown. She is in good humor, and making hurried grasps at the snow that has fallen in her lap, she presses it into another sphere and proceeds to aim with a saluting arm. What matter if this missile goes toward the pine tree, two yards to my left? The children rush in that direction to make sure that mother's snowball found a sure target.

How everybody laughs as the driver starts the car with one hand on the gear-shift lever, and with the other endeavors to dislodge a snowball from the back of his collar! One tourist, asleep on the back seat, who refused to get out when the others tried to persuade him, is awakened with a start as a snowball splices his ear.

"This is a hell of a place!" he gruffly exclaims. His listeners are charitable, for he missed his coffee this morning.

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"There are no snowballs in that region," declares the little school teacher, snuggling beside him.

He catches the reflection of the sunrise in her smile. It is all over. The full-orbed, steady beam of the risen sun has mellowed the landscape. This fellowship of the sun-worshippers from all over the world will never forget the overture of a perfect day —Sunrise at the Terraces of the Gods.

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IV

FORENOON FANTASIES AS DAY GATHERS COLOR

WITH the longing that each hour of the day may be lengthened, forenoon fantasies foregather as the moments fly. Daylight visions dispel the emotions that are prone to attend the dreams of the twilight hour. Fantasy here is not altogether a mental delusion; it steals upon us with a whimsical, grotesque impulse of imagery. This new and strange mood of mental ebb and flow creates pictures beyond those falling within the horizon of physical view. The precious moments of time glide by, unmeasured by ticking clock or swinging pendulum. Slow eternity is here annealing the manacles of form. The day grows on apace, but we recognize the change of time only through the dial of lights and shadows, where "dim alchemic powers rebuild to law's immutable demands."

As the day gathers color and strength, the forenoon fantasies flit from the camps. All astir with the call of the wild, the caravan of motors moves on like Gypsy vans. On the bank of a nearby stream sits a "Compleat Angler," absorbed in the spirit of

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Izaak Walton. That children are playing in the recent haunts of wild animals reveals the kinship that exists between the nature of the wild creatures and that of humans.

The hours that herald the approach of noontide find us on the drive to the geyser basins, past lovely Swan Lake, to Apollinaris Springs, where we stop —doubting—to taste the clear waters and go on—convinced—now ready to believe almost anything about Yellowstone Park Here is Obsidian Cliff, where the Indians gathered their arrow heads—Roaring Mountain nearby and the unspeakable charm of Twin Lakes, one blue, the other green.

Norris Geyser Basin, 7,470 feet above the sea, presents an amazing continuance of wonders left behind at Mammoth. Here the Black Growler hisses deep in the earth; Constant Geyser, Whirligig Geyser and Valentine Geyser show us a promise of larger ones ahead. The Bathtub, on our left, boils violently, in rage perhaps, for none of our party accepts its invitation. A path leads on to Emerald Pool, more beautiful even than its name, and to the new "paint pots" of pink and blue mud, which heave about like boiling porridge.

The Spirit of the Revolution keeps aflame nearby in the Minute Man Geyser, whose energy never tires, whose waters burst from the ground each time your watch-hand moves.

Arrayed in one of the varied uniforms to be seen

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Like a mortar's gun, the Riverside Geyser shoots its stream of steam across the river. It is located on the east bank of the Firehole River, a few feet above the new steel bridge, where it is observed erupting every six or seven hours. It keeps up a continuous fire for a period of several minutes. Its volley of steam extends over one hundred feet

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Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, located on the site of the original hostelry of Yellowstone Park, near Fort Yellowstone. Here are located the Mammoth Hot Springs and the Terraces of the Gods at the Gardiner entrance of Yellowstone Park. Across its threshold have passed many famous men

Photo by J. E. Haynes

Prong-horned antelopes are the most shy and beautiful creatures among the half-wild, half-tame denizens of Yellowstone Park. The Park is a natural game preserve and in recent years the annual winter slaughter of its inhabitants by lawless hunters has been put an end to by the ceaseless vigilance of the rangers

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in the gayety of the park, there stands on a rock a young girl, whose hair seems to catch the glint of the sun. She stumbles, and, as always happens in novels, there is a young man to catch her. However, auburn, or red, hair, is so rare in these times, that everybody notices her. Consequently, each has his little joke about the titian-haired lass. When she falls into the strong arms of this sturdy young ranger, who chances to be one of the party, it does not take keen observation to learn that a tiny spark of love-light has been set aglow.

In some way they manage to keep close together for all the rest of the trip, oblivious of onlookers. What they manage to talk about, no one knows. They gaze at each other, look away into the distance, gaze again at each other and smile—and everybody else smiles, too. The women-folk of the party, match-makers, look at each other significantly and nod their heads. The setting in which this budding love scene seems to kindle is perfect. The back seat of our car suits well their purpose. Everybody watches and awaits the progress, for the process of love-making on the mountain mingles well with the other scenes of wonderment. There was a Byronic climax: "Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again."

Forenoon fantasies fade in the presence of a lunch basket. The mounting jocund sun plays about the scintillating luncheon garb suddenly donned by

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Dame Earth, in a marvellously "quick change" from the flowered morning gown. The serene scenes unfold gently while the very air attends, and holds its breath from the leaves as we descend into the hut built of huge timbers while dreams fade into realities.

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V

In Fields of Snow and Flowers

FOLLOWING the bugle call of the Klaxton, we drive from Canyon over Mt. Washburn on Chittenden Road and through the famous Dunraven Pass. Through the gorge and winding up the summit we go, over roads where it would seem almost impossible for cars to pass; but even here the transportation is so routed that one is safer in the hands of the efficient guides than he is among the wild "Jehus" and joy riders of our city streets.

High aloft is the land of flowers. The jagged brows of the cliffs are garlanded in wreaths of blossoms. A riot of color and variety are found in these beds of wild flowers of the mountain. Skirting the crest, we gaze in wonder over the mountainside, carpeted with myriads of flowers. Mother Nature is the weaver of these floral tapestries; she catches all the rich, deep colors of the Orient, harmonizing all of the blue of the heavens, all of the gold of the stars, all of the silver of the moon, all of the snows of the mountain tops, and all of the green of the valleys. These she mingles into warp and woof, a symphony of

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petals nodding to the music of the breezes. It repictures that exquisite vision of Shelley:

"The light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

Here we behold Fairyland—field upon field of the lovely white and yellow bitter-root; borders of the Indian's paint brush, delicate mounds of monk's hood and wild geranium, and adorning the varicolored rocks of the gulches are the fragrant clusters of the wild rose. The modest violet of the springtime garden touches this huge palette with its purple-blue, while here the rare yellow violet reflects the gold of the coming noontide.

Nestling beside the great drifts of snow, peep myriads of bright-eyed dandelions. Bordering the white snow-line of the high mountains, like a brave golden braid, are the tiny sunflowers, proud of their distinction in being closer to the warm rays of the Source of Light than are their strident brothers on the plains of Kansas. Even the wayside weed has a charm of its own in this brigade of leaf and bloom.

Four-fifths of the area of the Park is timbered. The dominant tree throughout is the lodgepole pine. This species is most abundant on the park plateau, but extends up the slopes of the mountains for some distance, and adorns the passes toward the entrances, having a lower altitude limit of about 7,000 feet. It constitutes about two-thirds of the total tree population. It is the tree that forms the characteristic close-set, slender-stemmed forests, Below the limit

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of the lodgepole the limber pine holds sway, and above it, toward timberline on the mountains, the white-bark pine is abundant. Douglas spruce and Engleman spruce are abundant in more favored locations than those held by the pines, and there is also a little fir or balsam timber. There are few trees that are not evergreens. The principal one is the aspen, which abounds in denuded and burnt-over areas, and around the edges of some of the other timber. Other species, like maple, birch and alder, are large bushes rather than trees. Besides the trees there is a great abundance of smaller plant life: shrubs and wild flowers, over 650 distinct varieties. Dry, open places are dominated by the sagebrush. With the sagebrush at the lower altitudes is associated the yellow-flowered rabbit-brush, and in one or two isolated spots, the greasewood. Wild flowers are everywhere, from yellow water-lilies in the ponds to cactus and stonecrops in the desert wastes.

God's finger has touched the canyon and the mountainside, blending summer and winter in peaceful fellowship, while the shadows trail toward the zenith hour.

Around the curve swings a big, bulky wagon, reminding us of the transport of the early days—the prairie schooner. The sure-footed pack horses and the fuzzy little mountain burros carry the equipment necessary to keep these fine roads in repair. The snowdrifts were being blasted, and even now a

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blizzard threatens on the top of Mt. Washburn, following swiftly the coquettish zephyrs of the morning hours.

Men are digging into the hard ground, shovelling the granite-like snow from the trails. Everybody waves a salute to the good natured workmen, for we are all kin.

It was their courage that made possible these aerial pathways which enable us to glimpse the frontier, where Heaven greets Earth, who in stately garb responds with the sublime salute of nature.

Bang! Bang! As we round the corner under the shadows of the overhanging rocks, we find ourselves face to face with a quartette of bandits. Hist! This is real, thrilling adventure, bringing to mind the weather-beaten, bullet-ridden stage coach relic at Mammoth.

"Hands up!" comes the command. Hastily we throw up our hands, wondering if we left all of our cash back in the safe at the hotel. A merry peal of laughter breaks the spell in that lone spot. The pistols thrust into our faces are from the ten-cent store, guaranteed to fire one hundred paper caps without re-loading. The funmakers join in the procession of the caravan down the steep unwinding mountainside singing melodies from Robin Hood.

Appetites grow apace as the stately elk is seen grazing in content and the little baby bear comes out to the cars, staging another hold-up for more sugar.

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VI

SPLENDORS OF NOONTIDE AT THE CANYON

HERE is Yellowstone transcendent! Out from the shadows of the clustered pines I find myself at Artist's Point. Even this superlative designation passes into the mists of memory after that first view.

The stupendous panorama prompts no vocal effort, because the first glimpse lulls one's very soul to silent reverence as the voice of the Almighty speaks amid the soft tones of the distant rushing waters. The choral anthem of Nature sounds through a vision of splendor, touching the horizon of infinity.

Alone, I find myself speaking audibly—and no one hears. A picture is imagined, not outlined, in the physical contour. Half closing my eyes, I hear the diapason of the lower falls, and I see the cataract convoluted in an octave of currents, as it sweeps over the precipice. It is Nature's unending symphony, like a mighty organ sounding now and then a magna chord of joy. My heart leaps within me and the words come to my lips:

"That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things live and move."

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This inspires the fancy picture with the feeling that it is the music of a wedding day celebrating the unity of the glories of heaven and the wonders of earth.

It is indeed God's own temple, fashioned by the hand of the Supreme Architect. Castle and turret, nave and aisle, minaret and spire, all the triumphs of form and color are here. The prismatic sands and strata of every conceivable hue, revealing the convulsive travail of volcanic shock, give color to this colossal cathedral of the Lord of Creation.

Along the frieze of the heaven-blue skyline are myriads of steepled pines. Nature, animate and still, all crowned in glorious emerald, on the very parapets of time, like "fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven."

Through this aisle of the ages the magnificent nuptial pageant passes and the white foam of the laughing waters are the blossoms strewn before the footfall of the bride. The chorus from "rocks and rills and templed hills" joins with the carillon in the canyon. From her eyried heights soars the mother eagle, living spirit of our nation, bringing sustenance from afar to her eaglets nestling in their rugged home on the uppermost crag, a pillar of the vaulted roof of this mighty, majestic temple of God.

It is a jubilation of peace eternal.

The titanic struggles of Mother Earth of aeons past is ended; paeans of praise are sounded from

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Photo by J. E. Haynes

Old Faithful Inn, the palace of logs, where thousands of tourists have been welcomed. The giant clock over the fireplace ticks the hour when Old Faithful goes into action. On the swing of the pendulum, every sixty seconds of the day and night, Old Faithful gives hourly greeting to the guests at the Inn

Photo by J. E. Haynes

You feel as if you were within the ruins of an ancient castle at Castle Well, a large crested spring near Castle Geyser, twenty feet in diameter, that overflows on two sides. The geyser somehow suggests an old feudal pile which would seem to indicate that it is the father of all the geysers, as it is considered the oldest geyser in the Park. The orifice is lined with a bright orange color, the eruptions are irregular, sometimes violently boiling and shooting twice its usual height. The boiling spring near here was a favorite spot for campers in earlier days

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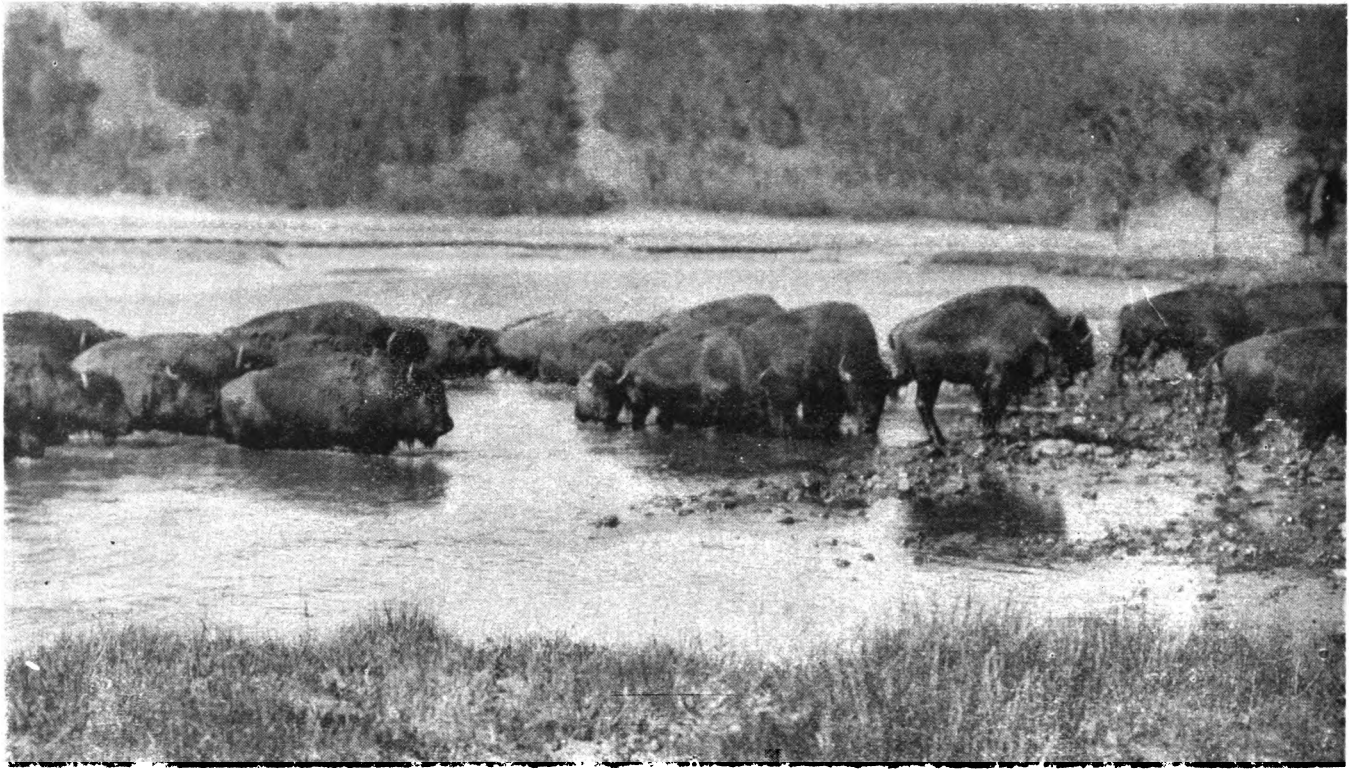

The buffaloes are a reminder of the great herds of bison that stampeded the western plains in days agone. Yellowstone Park is proving the breeding place that is preserving these noble animals, once monarchs of the prairies. When buffalo herds stampede or run, they go faster than a horse. The robes of these animals have protected the pioneers from the keen blasts of winter for many years in the past

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the very depths of the soul of Nature; man and his strife fade as before the splendor of the Apocalypse! The conflicts of the ages from the epoch when earth first lifted above the waters, have ceased; all nature is in harmony with the spirit of this hour, the nuptials of heaven and earth, joined in infinity.

The shadows of high noonday are playing on the walls of the great canyon temple, marking the cloistered nave, where the trees, hoary-aged and young, are bowing their heads in adoration before the altar of the Eternal. In the crypts nearby the old giants of the forest, moss-covered, mingle with mottled rocks, reminders of a past far beyond human ken, and under all lie the mighty sealed catacombs holding Time's secrets.

"Oh, how glorious it all is," declares a woman librarian from California, as she gazes into the depths of the canyon. "See the greatness of the depths and the wonder of the heights. Feel the strangeness of it all! And yet, the greatest thrill that comes to me as I look into the almightiness of it all is this: As small as I may seem, beside these almost indescribable mountains and vales, Thou oh Lord, hath made me greater than all of these."

Comes now the great plea for reverence, for indeed God has given man power over all. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth."

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A kindly light leads on and on down the canyon, falling "over moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," attuning the harp of memories "loved long since and lost awhile."

> "Where e'er that power is felt
> Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
> Sustains from earth and kindles above."

Near me sits a little girl, gazing in awe upon the grandeur as it unfolds in surges of glory. The silence of her reverie is broken:

"Oh, how I wish Mother was here to enjoy this with me!" she exclaims, as if to herself.

"Is she far away?" I ask, looking into her tear-glistening eyes.

"Yes, she is somewhere yonder," she softly replies, "out beyond those clouds."

Far adown the winding valley the light leads on and on. In the veiled fleecy "clouds out yonder," the celestial and the terrestrial touch in the vale of the Yellowstone and soothe a lonely child's longing for a sainted mother.

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VII

VESPER LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN GOD'S TEMPLE

VESPER time glides in on tip-toe today. After the rest of noontide, and as the fidgety hour of four approaches, when the tea is served to quiet the nerves, and when everyone is looking for somewhere to go and something to do, we wander out to Inspiration Point. Away from the rush and lash of everyday duties, we catch the lights and shadows in God's Temple at Vesper hour. The spell of the noonday scene from Artist's Point is revived. A reverential mood is uppermost as we climb out to the projecting bridge and look up and down the Canyon.

Radiating from the Canyon are walks and drives to fit every mood and whim. All these lead to Inspiration Point, which projects over the rocks of the Canyon like an unfinished bridge. Here the entranced eye may sweep up and down the Canyon, viewing an unparalleled panorama of the Yellowstone River, throbbing like a great artery in the heart of the chasm. Here also is Grand View, which like the Hoodoos, might have been the dwelling place

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of giants of long ago. Other roads lead to Uncle Tom's Trail, a steep descent to the base of Lower Falls. Here at all hours of the day bravely march long lines of tourists, going up and down the ledge, each holding the hand of the other for security. A long iron pipe to which you may cling, follows the trail to its foot. Standing almost under the falls, we see the rainbows in the mist. From a rock nearby there bubbles a little hot spring, the only geyser to be seen in this shadowed section, and curiously enough, this is scarcely the size of a little saucepan in which one might wish to boil an egg. The way up the trail is steep and hard to climb, but it is worth the after-aches. The cool, refreshing air of the Canyon enables us to ascend without much difficulty. Terraced above are the Upper Falls, where the rainbows cross each other, reminding us, even here, of God's wonderful promise to mankind. The weird melodies of the rushing stream and the whispering of the breezes through the gulches blend with those of the rushing waters of the Twin Sister below.

Here are the age-old Castle Ruins. We fancy how the giants must have dwelt here in the days of the Mastodons; giants who fought their battles by hurling huge boulders at one another, and who made the mountain tremble with their combats. As the shadows ripple along the Canyon they seem to gather in the folds of sunshine. The beauty of it

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rests our souls as we gaze with contemplative awe upon it. The light is slowly curtained with a falling drapery of ethereal softness, and the most that one can do in the presence of this new splendor is to rest upon these rocks of time and ponder on the marvel, and to wonder if ever the picture will be finished. The green trees smile upon the reverie. Across the slanting walls of the Canyon are what appear to be tiny shoots of winter moss; yet through the glasses you find the moss in reality resolves into vast groves of tall pine trees that have struggled for a foothold on the eroded parapet. Such is the solemnity of the Canyon at vesper time.

Half-closing the eyes and peering into the waters below, the turbulent ripples appear to be still.

There in the depths of the torrent you may see the foam rushing by like clouds of the sky in the mirrored depths.

The lights are constantly changing, and with each view comes the thrill of discovery.

In the lazy hours of the afternoon a thrilling spectacle, not surpassed in the movies, is presented to the spectators. A venturesome young tourist has not been able to suppress his longing to scale the precipitous slopes of the Canyon. For four hours the spectators breathlessly watch the rescue by a ranger. The tourist, breathless from exhaustion, is able to climb no farther from a point within a hundred feet from the top. His cry has brought the

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ranger to his rescue. A rope is thrown down, the explorer seizes it. Then, because of his exhausted condition he is lowered in order that he may drink of the refreshing water in the river below. He is so revived that he is able to be hauled to the top by means of an easier trail. The onlookers watch the rescue with bated breath. A hearty cheer goes up as they appear above the surface of the rocks, and a prayer of thankfulness for his safety is on every lip. The brave ranger and the hotel boy have saved a human life.

We are farther, farther away from the falls, but even the music of the waters seems to be softened to harmonize with the sweet, soft lights of the vesper shadows, as the evensong blends with the fading lights through memorial windows in the "little church" back home.

All along in this balcony are the many points of observation, thronged with those looking on in silence. The one picture that never will fade from memory is that of the old man and his wife sitting on the rocks, snuggling close together like lovers. With his arm about her waist, he is pointing here and there, as if indicating the pathway that comes in the Last Sunset.

There is the sweet, soft, lingering smile on her face, the glorified reflection of the smile of the lass she was when she looked into the face of her young lover in "Auld Lang Syne." We do not need to be

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told her life's history nor that of the old man at her side; the picture is before us, the picture to which still clings the hallowed sweetness of the bridal hour. Their hands are withered and wrinkled, their brows are furrowed, and in the lengthening rays of the approaching twilight, their hair glistens with the silver of a brooklet in the meadowland at Springtime.

On this peak, all alone, sit "Darby and Joan."

"Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife, Joan.
Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for everyone,
As the years roll on;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide,
Gently covers us side by side—
Oh! lad, though we know not when,
Love will be with us forever then;
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife, Joan."

Hand in hand during Nature's vesper hour the prophecy of the past is revealed.

And in these vesper shadows the pledge is renewed, for it was at vesper time half a century and more ago when Darby and Joan pledged "love forever."

"Shall we sit together some day in life's broken shadows?"

Passing youth paused: it was love's sacrament.

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VIII

SUNSET ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES

UPON the summit of the Rockies sheathed in snow and primal pines we feel like "watchers of the skies" at the high altar where the mountain peaks are robed in azure hue—an earthly token of its eternal majesty!

The precipitous heights loom before us as the woods end, but winding up, foot by foot under the cracking pressure of gasoline in the motor cars, we are soon a mile and a half in the air above our friends at home, who may now be reading our souvenir postal cards. Up and up we climb, amid the "shooting star" blossoms, looking backward now and then as the great scroll of an epic written by the finger of God unfolds to wondering eyes at our feet.

Here the wrinkled, rugged outlines of the peaks soften in the approaching sunset. Old Sol reigning in the west, still defiant and resplendent—the symbol of creative glories and visual proof of the unseen, struggles bravely against the "haunting hour" when spirit mysteries are to reign in shadows. It seems a veritable ascension as we look upon this

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great, silent mountain, the incarnation of Faith, leading to that peace in the glory of the sun.

This is indeed the end of a wonderful day, this day in the Yellowstone—a day in God's workshop, begun in the light of morning stars—now transfigured with splendor in the grandeur of His setting sun.

How kaleidoscopic it appears! Rainbow is piled upon rainbow; prisms are crowded in bewildering succession of hues in a pageant of color—all called to worship at the glorious altar of the God of Creation—the trysting place, where Heaven and Earth meet in nuptial panoply!

It is a picture beyond the power of an artist to depict on canvas, and words can only suggest the feeling that overwhelms in this view of a promised land—this mountain standing out like "an amethyst of light—a sculptured isle in a blazing sea of gold."

We are ascending the famous Park promontory, the highest peak in the park accessible to the yellow "chariots." Thrill and chill come in that ten-mile climb. As the summit is gained, we can only stand enthralled. Long spears of sunlight shoot out from the blazing disc, like sentinels guarding the dying day.

Look now upon the outline of the Lake, lying there like a glistening jewel in the bosom of the Rockies; the stately snow-capped peaks; the Canyon in its chasmed gloom; the plains and the prairies, the rolling hills, the winding rivers, and the wooded landscape—one grand ensemble of Nature

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sublime, pictured within the sweep of the human eyes piercing the veil of the real into the land o' dreams.

It is on these heights that we feel the pinnacled glory of the mountain. Here it is possible for mortal vision to glimpse the earth's grandeur and feel the substances of dreams. As in the sunrise at the Terraces of the Gods, we now can understand the awe and devotion of the Sun-worshippers of long ago to the Eternal light of the east and the west.

Flecking the mountainside, like sheep in a green pasture, are the filmy clouds. As the sun's rim dips behind the jagged peaks shadows cling to the purple hills dissolving into the softening lights that play down in the valley, giving each peak its evening bath of golden sunshine.

Slowly and majestically, like a King descending from his throne, the Royal Sun gathers about him the mantled light of the fading day.

As the sun is sinking, a cloud sweeps across its face, bringing a flush of fiery glow, as if the old orb was annoyed at the obstruction. A dazzling disc glistens with the intensity of a deeper red, and then comes the purple tinge, blending into the orange that blazes like heated sparks from the forge of Vulcan. Tiny clouds that dare to cross the pathway are scattered as the Majestic King of Day in his flaming chariot swings on in the endless orbit, leaving in his farewell a promise of sweet dreams.

And then, the afterglow—Tomorrow is pledged.

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IX

ENTRANCING TWILIGHT IN THE VALLEYS

TWILIGHT in the valleys evokes soothing and entrancing sentiment. The valleys are interlaced with canyons, extending through the vast stretches of country. On either side are the pasturages which form grazing grounds, where deer, buffalo, antelope, and elk roam at will.

As we approach Gibbon Canyon and glide over the great, grassy tract of Gibbon Meadows, we the tourist band just lean back in our seats while the shadows of dreams begins.

The sable sheets of night are touched with mystic light. Our heads are filled with vivid imaginings, and our hearts are replete with love for every plant and flower and wild creature that inhabits the place. Yea, and our very souls are feasting.

We cross the Gibbon River, then the Firehole. The mountain to the right is National Park Mountain, at whose base the Washburn-Doane exploring party, before their campfire in 1870, laid plans for the establishment of Yellowstone National Park. Leading out of the Gibbon and Firehole, joined here

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to form the Madison River, are the gorges, splashed with cascades and rapids. We are told by our "gear-jammer" that the Madison flows on into Montana, where, close to the Northern Pacific Railway in the Gallatin Valley, it flows down with the Jefferson and Gallatin rivers to make the great Missouri.

Among the old roads and trails of historic interest is the route of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians, who made his last stand for the Redmen north of here in 1877. The waters of Nez Perce Creek chant a requiem, remindful of the days of the last council of war and the attack of the savages which was a closing tragic chapter of Indian warfare in the nation's great playground.

Soon we are gazing with wonder at Mammoth Paint Pots, sputtering caldrons of fascinating mud. "A perfect heaven for mud-pie makers," sighed the little school teacher, who was growing younger every mile.

A side path lures us through pines to the Fountain Geyser, which happened to be taking a nap at the moment of our visit. Close at hand Clepsydra, Bellefontaine, Jelly and Jet Geysers—small to be sure, but busy—were doing their level best to entertain.

On a branch road, the Black Warrior or Steady Geyser points the way to Firehole Lake, which at times has a muddy tinge, and flickers back and forth

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like a torch. In the twilight the illusion is perfect, and the hidden fires produce a sensation of weirdness firing our imaginations with the things that may be going on under the earth beneath our feet.

Firehole Pool, hot as steam, gives the same illusion. We see in its waters a flame of fire. But other wonders claim notice—the Great Fountain Geyser, hurling a mountain of water aloft, the Five Sisters, Bath Lake, Buffalo Springs, Twin Buttes, Broken Egg Spring.

We must hurry on to Midway Geyser Basin with its beautiful Excelsior Geyser, once the largest in the park. Adjectives fail here. The rainbow tints and colors of Prismatic Lake and Turquoise Spring, huge ponds of clear boiling water, must be seen. Their beauties cannot be described.

In Biscuit Basin, Sapphire Pool, Jewel, Silver Globe and Artemisia geysers are found. Msytic Falls sing on the river to the west.

Shadowing the basins are the mountains and forests, with cool streams and gulches, inviting grass plots amid trees beckoning to wearied minds and fagged souls.

Those who have lived for many years amid the beauty of Yellowstone never tire of it; they find more of interest in these restful nooks than in the valleys; each day's journeys grow more and more fascinating, for there is always something new. The valley seems to be a part of the vast arm of the

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lake which, in bygone days, must have covered the faces of these mountains.

The curtain of night is closing in on the Twilight, and the arc of the great stage is lighted up with an afterglow in silence serene. Suddenly a strong voice breaks out into song that echoes up and down the valleys. Others join in, and a chorus of young folks sets our hearts ringing, particularly when the old songs of yesterday come to our ears.

There is a tender expression in the eyes of the golden-haired lass and the sombrero boy, when the leader begins "Love's Old Sweet Song." These are good singers in the yellow bus. Never was this old melody rendered in such a setting and with such effect. We cannot help but observe the two in the back seat of the car—one the golden-haired girl, the other the sombrero boy. His strong right arm is not lying in his lap, and we can feel that there is something said in those bright blue eyes, beneath the wavy golden locks—love is working fast. And although it is not exactly chilly, it is but natural that the twain snuggle closer together under the robe.

As the old poet said, "Twilight is the wooing hour." In the dim and imperfect lights, the high-lights of the face and the expression are softened. Raganok, the Indian poet, revelled in the twilight of the gods.

Here in the diffused lights, our thoughts seem to

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concentrate in keeping with the loveliness around us. Every twilight has a way of reflecting the spirit of the day, and the evening dews sparkle in the semi-light, defying the derivation of the word given to this hour of the day, "twice-light" or the velvet vision soft focus in Nature's camera.

It is at this time that there comes to us the theme of Milton—his visions of Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained. It is now, in the growing gray, giving to all things a sombre livery, bird and beast to their haunts retire. They instinctively realize the voice of prophecies from Holy writ: "None shall kill or destroy in all my mountains."

The silvered waters of the Firehole still stand out, in the deepened shadow of the trees, and along the winding course of the river, reveal the "half-lights" riding continuously with the rugged peaks of the mountains on every hand.

Tourists will insist before they have finished the tour, that his Satanic Majesty has pre-empted a large area of the playground Empire—for here is the Devil's Elbow. A sharp turn of almost a hundred and eighty degrees is made around a jutting point of rock. The whispering leaves sing as we ride on to the Wedded Trees, where two tall pines are permanently united with a growing limb between them. These freaks of nature are often noted as we pass through the park forests, but this phenomenon is too much for the twain in the back

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seat. They look at it, sigh, and then everybody looks at them. It is but a reminder of a romance going on in the good old way, bringing to mind Wordsworth's lines

> "Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
> Like twilight, too, her auburn hair."

It is quite like the reading of a novel, where the author spends many hours describing the process of love-making. Here we are, observing love's light fancy full abloom in twilight under natural environments, without the artificial processes that one often must endure in fiction. When we behold the two holding hands and looking more intently into each other's eyes, the "old grouch" who occupies the front seat with the "gear jammer" cracks his face into half a smile and ventures, "It's going fine!"

The twilight ride in the valleys brings varied emotions. The bus stops at the site of the "hold-up" in 1897, where bandits stopped some of the tourists of that day, including a government conveyance in which rode an army officer. The pockets of the entire party were emptied of valuables. This was before the days of the ranger, and it was these incidents exploited in dime novels that led to the vigorous policing of the Park. Now the doors of the cabins, tents and shacks are left wide open, for now the ranger soon knows "Who's Who" within the borderland of the Park.

We thrill to know that this is the very place

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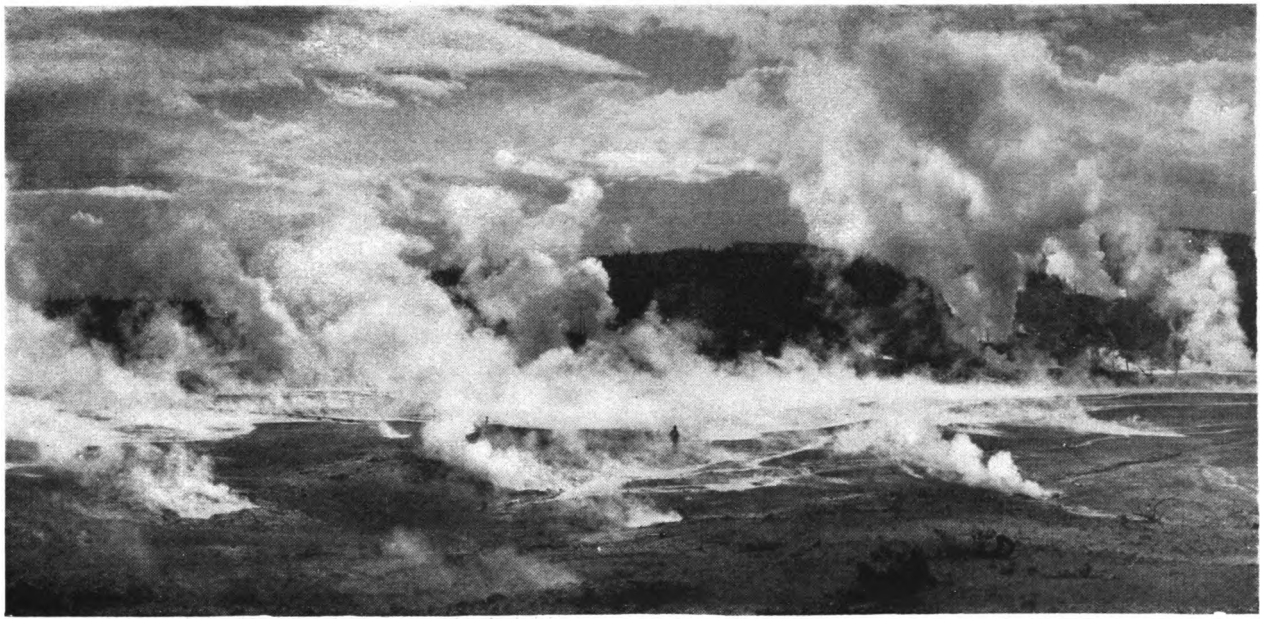

Photo by J. E. Haynes

Norris Basin, battleground of the geysers. Here the tourist walks over an area where the earth seems like a thin crust with the raging and seething caldrons below. The mud geyser came into action on the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Yellowstone Park, 1922, and was christened "Semi-centennial." The roar of geysers in action makes one think of the escaping steam of an express locomotive. It resembles a battleground overseas over which the smoke and halo of geyser steam ever hangs

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Photo by J. E. Haynes

Jackson Lake, Moran, Wyoming, just outside of the Park, is a glorious setting of Yellowstone wonderland

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where the robbery of the stage coaches took place, and again it brings to mind the old, red, weather-beaten stage coach at Mammoth, making it seem even more fascinating as a relic of the old days. It, too, was one of the coaches that was "held up" in those days of adventure "out where the west begins."

For some reason, we cannot recall all at once, the scenes of certain routes and various drives, taken separately; we think more in terms of the scenes of each day as it passes, co-relating our thoughts to the time of the day in which the picture was presented—the real picture that makes the wonder days a part of our very souls.

The clattering Klaxton of the automobile announces the arrival of the party at the Inn. Some of the old tourists have gathered on the veranda for a little talk. There, seated in a rustic seat, we also observe the ranger and the titian-haired miss, still continuing that little chat which they began at sunset. We arise considerately and say good night in the early shank of the evening, for we know that there is a something about the sympathetic twilight that has entered the hearts of these two happy souls with a single thought. As we look upon them once more, we bow before the tender sentiment that blossomed during the entrancing twilight ride through the valleys.

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X

WITCHERY OF MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE

TONIGHT Yellowstone Lake is lying placidly in the witchery of the moonlight, on the bosom of the Rockies, with the expanse of an inland sea. A mile and a half above the ocean level is this peerless jewel of the Park, with its shore line of more than a hundred miles. Fed by the springs and the snow drifts of Absaroka Range, its waters, cold and clear and transparent, reveal pictures of fishes in their nooks, enjoying the full freedom of the park waters.

Fishing by moonlight is a romantic experience; and each visitor is permitted to catch ten trout and ten minutes is the record time for the quota. The lake was formerly shaped somewhat like the human hand, but all that now remains of the fingers is what appears to be the Thumb. There are but few large lakes in the world with higher altitude than Yellowstone, and these rest in the unexplored regions of the Andes and in the lofty tablelands of Thibet.

The sunsets and sunrises on Yellowstone Lake are known for their beauty, but nothing can surpass

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this moonlight picture, when the resplendent waters rest in the halo of Luna's splendor. The primeval solitude of the night is broken by the merriment of parties sailing on the lake, as their merry songs echo over the dancing waters.

Through the transportation methods, the parties are conveniently transferred. One group may go out in the boat at one time, and others may join the rollicking band of funmakers who are singing their jolly songs on the shore. It develops a jovial spirit of democracy and *camaraderie* among the tourists. Ah, the boats are ready and our names are being called.

Sure enough, here are the ranger lad and the titian-haired belle again—and they're still talking about something. What is it? Not for me to know or to say. While the others of our party are indulging in expressions of ecstasy and listening to the stories of the Lake, the twain vanish aft and are considerably forgotten. They are oblivious of all else—save each other.

Once fairly gliding out on the waters, we notice a series of strange, indefinable sounds coming from overhead. We are told that these are found in no other place. They have an apparent motion through the air in the general direction as from north to south. They resemble the ringing of telegraph wires, or the humming of a swarm of bees, beginning softly in the distance and increasing in gentle

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crescendo until they seem to be just overhead, like the drone of an airplane; then they fade in the opposite direction.

Over on the Absaroka Range of Mountains there is a formation known as the Sleeping Giant. The outlines of his face, upturned to the sky, are as of the perfect features of a man, a huge giant, sleeping under the stars. We can even imagine that his chest moves up and down as he lies at rest. Perhaps this weird sound which we hear is the deep breathing of this old man of the mountain. At least, it is reasonable to suppose that the Indians might have added this to the superstitions, the reverence and the dread in which they held this lake.

The giant continues his eternal slumber, as the throng in the boats sing and laugh, but the wrinkles of the peaks which form the profile skyline soften in the moonlight. A practical minded Yankee grocer in the party declared: "The old giant snores almost as loud as Deacon Barnes back home." It was a geyser speaking.

There is the single clap of thunder—a veritable bolt from the clear moonlight sky, coming without warning and without the accompaniment of raindrops. It was in one of these lightning flashes accompanying a clap of thunder that a member of a government surveying party was killed in 1885. For Yellowstone Lake has also its tragedies.

The sheen of the waters adds a piquancy to the

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sight of the lover-like, age-old, twin Teton peaks in the distance, lying like great, white pearls surmounting a necklace formed by the snow-capped peaks of the range, glistening in the moonlight.

All suggests the quietude and grandeur of a heavenly peace—a peace that has ever been a blessed message to man in Yellowstone.

Time is forgotten.

Days pass by; the petty things of the world are lost as the eye, reflecting the peace of the soul, gazes in wonderment by night and by day upon the majesty of God's handiwork.

At Yellowstone the calendar is forgotten; time is measured only by the moods of Mother Nature that diffuse through the very being of man and give to him that unconscious knowledge that the hours are passing for Time and Eternity. Under the spell of a natural, unrestrained goodness, all creatures and even the forests that stretch themselves out under the canopy of the heavens, seem to be imbued with a spirit of goodness and godliness. Our senses are inspired with prayer—not a prayer of words, but an overwhelming sense of gratitude to the Almighty, who has permitted us to live and to stand aloft on the heights, even as stood Moses, and to lift up our hearts in an ecstasy of praise; "yea, let the heart of man sing unto God of the glories of heaven and the wonders of the earth."

Yellowstone Lake is queen of the thirty-six

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named lakes in Yellowstone Park. It covers an area of one hundred and sixty-five square miles. During the summer the crystal waves dance and sparkle, proclaiming their freedom and proving that lakes, like human beings, have their emotions.

As the boat turns her prow shoreward and nears the wharf, the young couple from aft appear again. They, probably, have not been thinking of all of the details, dimensions, and facts concerning the Lake and its beauty; but under the lure of the moonlight on the silvery waters, it is evident that Luna once again has held sway. The diary records that these lovers found their trysting place beneath the spell of the witchery of moonlight in Yellowstone Lake.

Say farewell to the lake, for we are on our way out into the meadow land and canyons rising from Yellowstone River. Nobody, save the moon and the winding river, is here to see. North and south, east and west, stretch out into long strips of sage and thistle. The trail follows the inundations of the river. On either side are the virgin hay fields where the elk feed. We find ourselves on the edge of a pine forest. Here are the motorists, the trampers and the campers, all bringing their little tents to pitch them on Uncle Sam's Playgrounds, for there is room for all. His hospitality reaches from Maine to California. Now they have gone to bed for the night, the camp fire songs are ended, and all is quiet.

Pit-a-pat! There is a soft rustle of crackling foot-

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steps through the dry pine needles. The sound is nearer. Two large, bright eyes glisten in the moonlight. 'Tis an elk, come down from the hillsides for a refreshing drink in the stream. He sees me, and I almost expect to hear the fraternal "Hello, Bill." He pricks up his ears for one brief moment, knows that all is well, and slowly lowers his graceful neck until his nostrils touch the cool waters. Here it is that man and beast know and love each other; the elk, the bear, the deer, the moose, the buffalo and the jack-rabbit, the woodchuck and the chipmunk —all make their homes together in peace, here in the playground of men.

The wild flowers have all folded their petals in peace for the night, and the world is asleep. Let us slip away from this sacred spot and journey upward in the mountain trails until we feel as though we may reach out with our hands and touch the silvery points of the heavenly crescent. Yea, God is near.

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XI

MIDNIGHT REVELS ON THE DEVIL'S GOLF COURSE

'TIS the midnight hour, "dim-paneled in the painted scene of sleep." The night owl is hooting in the sombre hours of low twelve, while the moon seems to leap from cloud to cloud on its nightly course. Cloud shadows play hide-and-seek on the shining sands of the moonlit geyser basin. Among the rocks of the Hoodoo, jagged and grim, the goblin geysers hold high carnival. The mocking bird, singing to his mate the long night through, finds cadence in the night owl's mournful call. The plains are strewn with geysers, seething and gurgling through the thick hours of the night, while Old Faithful keeps its hourly vigil.

What a setting for a gambol of the gods!

Everything in Yellowstone is measured only in superlatives.

Here imagination revels and realities are forgotten.

This Inferno, illuminated by the lurid gleam of phosphorus vapors, vivifies the pages of Dante's tragedy. Sizzling ghostly fumes of steam from the

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subterranean depths join in a rumbling, discordant chorus in the sulphur-laden air and hold high carnival in ghoulish glee.

Sir Lucifer himself, on such a night, finds relaxation on this Devil's Golf Course, a'top o' the Rockies. The solitary glacier rock, fifty feet in diameter, darkened by the battering of ages, lone relic of the time when the valleys were filled with seas of grinding ice, tempts the devil for a midnight game of golf.

With the mighty thunderbolt of Jove, he drives from a tee on the heights of the Teton Mountains, and the ball soars over hill and dale, lake and crag, sixty miles away to the first "green" at Excelsior, where the deserted Fountain House tells its story of a glorious past. From the boiling Mammoth Paint Pots, he makes a mashie approach to the yawning crater and sinks it into the Turquoise pool in par. With sardonic grin, he tees the ball for number two, a short drive to Black Growler Vent spewing forth its murky venom. The ball lands in Frying Pan Spring. Sir Lucifer, with sulphurous remarks, brings the niblick into play and finishes the hole, two under bogie. Mopping the perspiration from his brow, now forming rivulets that flow down the mountainside, he drives towards the Devil's Kitchen at Mammoth. Here, under the halo of Angel Terrace of snow-white purity, scintillating, mirror-like, in all of its pristine beauty, he realizes the bunkers and hazards that must ever

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keep him from winning the contest against the heavenly embattlements. Yet, with a mighty swing, he carries it with a golfer's "hook" over Roosevelt Camp, above the tops of the petrified trees, across Wraith Falls, and into the Buffalo Farm.

"Fore!" he shouts, and the great herds of buffalo scatter in wild stampede.

Teeing the ball, he spans the Grand Canyon in one mighty stroke before the gallery of wild-eyed bison, sending it to rest at Inspiration Point. Here even the Devil himself is entranced by the beauty of the spot, but forces himself to go on with the game. From this high pinnacle, he drives to Osprey's Nest, near Turbid Lake and the Wedded Trees.

On the apex of a petrified stump, he tees his ball for the next long drive across Yellowstone Lake to West Thumb, but falling short, loses his ball in the Lake. He indulges in more golf vernacular.

Taking a magnet from Electric Mountain, he fishes it out for his next shot, Heart's Lake, which lies under the shadow of Mt. Sheridan, across the Continental Divide. He makes a flub which starts an avalanche. Back again across the divide, and over Shoshone Lake, he drives to the ninth hole, where the Morning Glory Pool reigns in all her royal robes in the shadow of Old Faithful. After a bad slice, he misses his mark and a new geyser explodes where the ball strikes. Then, as the morning rays of the sun glisten on the edges of the

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mountain peaks, he takes himself back into the mountain fastnesses, as the geysers, marking the holes on the Eighteen Hole course, spout forth in ghoulish glee over his flub score.

Such is the nightmare of the golf fan when he realizes on that night that there is no golf course—or eighteen holes, within the park, on which to measure his own strength with the hazards of nature.

Only a golf fan would have such weird, fantastic hallucinations; but, after all, why not let imagination run riot now and then, and have a game on a sporty course that is not mapped out in the domain of golfdom? The folk are all wearing knickers, boys and girls, men and women—all of which suggests golf—so golf it is.

The nocturnal golf game of his Satanic Majesty has not scored to his satisfaction, and again tradition records the fall of Lucifer. He has not been able to use his brassie because of the magnetic influence of Electric Peak, which defies all of the surveying instruments of man, and causes an ordinary compass to dance the jazz.

The picture of Yellowstone Park as a playground, with a fanciful golf course dotted with brimstone greens and suffused with sulphur hazards is almost complete. To finish this dream picture, the contrast is furnished in the story that now lurks alone in the mysterious traditions of the Midnight Revels on the Devil's Golf Course.

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XII

GLEE OF GEYSERS IN THE WEE SMA' HOURS

CONCEIVE of a more weird hour to visit the geysers and pools than during the wee sma' hours of the morning, when woodland and stream lie in the peaceful shadows, awaiting the approach of the dawn.

Scientists record that the geysers are water volcanoes which occur only where the internal heat of the earth approaches the surface. Water, trickling through the crevasses in the rocks, or from subterranean springs, collects at the bottom of the geysers, and, striking the strata of intense heat, throws off steam in a manner similar to that of water boiling on a red-hot stove. The steam gathers under the great pressure and in such quantities that it is naturally forced out by its own powers.

From these geysers the onlooker learns the same lesson learned by Watt when he observed the boiling of his mother's teakettle and discovered the use and power of steam. The approach of the triumph of the age of steam is found in these hot springs which cover the largest area in the world,

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save in Iceland and New Zealand, where the volcanic fires are still active.

These are natural steam engines, and in the ghoulish hours of the night there is something about the geysers that seems more supernatural than during the daytime, when passing in review under the eager eye of the tourist.

In the wee, sma' hours, there is nought that can be more beautiful than Grotto Geyser, of the Upper Basin, in its bath of steam, and Riverside Geyser, shouting to us across the river, and keeping up its play. Off through the lace-like shadows, we hear a rushing, gushing, like a silver-throated song-bird. This is Solitaire, the one big geyser that furnishes the water for the mineral baths at Old Faithful Camp. All alone it stands; yet its life means much to us all, and as we bathe freely in its waters, we cannot help but think of it as a friendly pool of Siloam; wholesome, kindly friend, toiling alone, unnoticed by the people of the world, but never failing in his mission of cleanliness.

It is then that Old Giant Geyser, monarch of them all, deigns to survey his observers and to defy the curious and watchful eye as he gives vent to his wrath in belching volleys of steam. There are also Beehive, ever busy, Beauty Pool, and Black Sand Geyser. Fountain-like springs up the Daisy, a fitting companion to her friend, the Sponge, named for its algae formations which resemble a

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huge sponge. And let us not forget the Chinaman's Laundry Tub.

We are told by the rangers that any object thrown into a hot spring may produce a dangerous geyser, and that soap thrown into a hot spring will frequently set up a reaction that may cause a violent explosion.

Here at the Laundry Tub, runs Park tradition, a famous Chinaman who discovered the hot spring, determined to establish a laundry, where he might do business for the tourists. He pitched his tent over the spring, thinking to save his fuel bill in the cause of heating the water, and set to work in earnest.

All went well and he established a thriving business. One day he accidentally dropped into the boiling pool his big cake of laundry soap. Blu-u-s-h! up went this hot spring into a geyser, taking with it the Chink and his tent, together with his week's washing. Never since that day has even a remnant of that Oriental been found.

From the veranda of Old Faithful there is an indicator. When that indicator scoots around, it foreshadows an eruption of splendor. Nearly every one of the thirty-three hundred square miles of Yellowstone region is covered with an area of geysers, many of which are marked and named, and even in the sunlight or moonlight is the visible sign,

"DANGEROUS AREA"

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Down in Black Sand Basin we find also the Handkerchief Pool, which, even better than the Get-it-Quick Laundry, serves as a place to launder our soiled handkerchiefs. You may throw your handkerchief in. It disappears from sight into a whirling eddy in the center of the pool. It comes back after a minute or two, and we harpoon it with a cane, all fresh and clean. If the handkerchief stays down longer than a few minutes, you may be sure that the Old Boy has use for it, and that the next time you see it, it will be hanging on a clothes-line somewhere in regions warmer than in Yellowstone.

The little microscopic plants, the algae, continue their magic work night and day in painting the surroundings first red, then yellow, white and pink and bluish gray. In warm weather they grow more brilliant, only to vanish almost to nothingness when the air grows cold.

In this tour, in the wee, sma' hours, we realize more than ever that Yellowstone is of volcanic origin, and that the scenes which we now gaze upon furnish only a fascinating glimpse of the tempestuous past that is indicated in the petrified forest, where level after level of petrified trees are found in alternating strata like the layers of strawberry shortcake.

It all brings to mind the visions of Bobby Burns and the wild ride of Tam O'Shanter and his tales of the "wee, sma' hours a'yant of the twal."

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Suddenly coming upon the upper Basin, we are told a good Jim Bridger yarn concerning the "Ear", a hot spring of only about three feet in diameter, but which has near the lobe section of its ear-shaped circumference, a tiny geyser, whose pool is about the size of a silver dollar, and whose spouting power is only a few inches. Jim said that when the old-time trappers failed to make good in their expectations for the day, they would come here and tell their tales of woe into this giant's ear. At last the old man grew so tired of listening to their troubles that he placed a tiny button (the little geyser) on one side, so that he could fasten the flap of his ear over and turn a "deaf ear" to their complaints.

Under the rigid regulations, the park is in quietude in the wee, sma' hours, but, strange to relate, this is the time when the geysers disport themselves in wild abandon and seem most human in the response to their various moods. These are the hours when they continue their work in building up their calcareous deposits of silica, the chief mineral in the waters of the geysers. The word "geyser," is derived from the Icelandic word, "geysa," meaning to gush, and these were their gushing hours of ghoulish glee.

Amid these ghostly apparitions, the geysers, spouting up through the darkness like white-robed specters, at times when they are least expected, the

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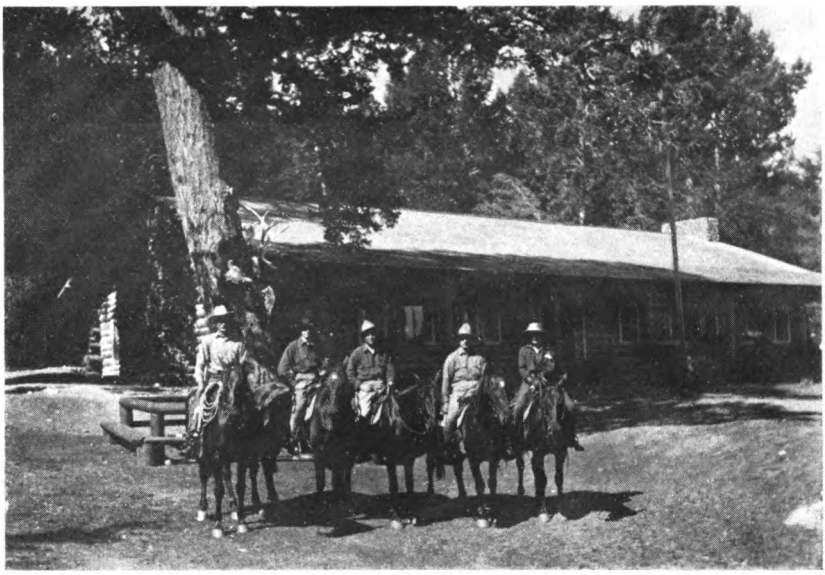

A horseback party ready to leave Camp Roosevelt for a seven-mile trip to the fossil forests of the Yellowstone. These forests exhibit the largest area of standing petrified trees in the world

A tent section in one of the permanent summer camps. At some camps the sleeping quarters are bungalow tents; at others little cottages, and at others log cabins. Note the hedge of elk antlers in the foreground

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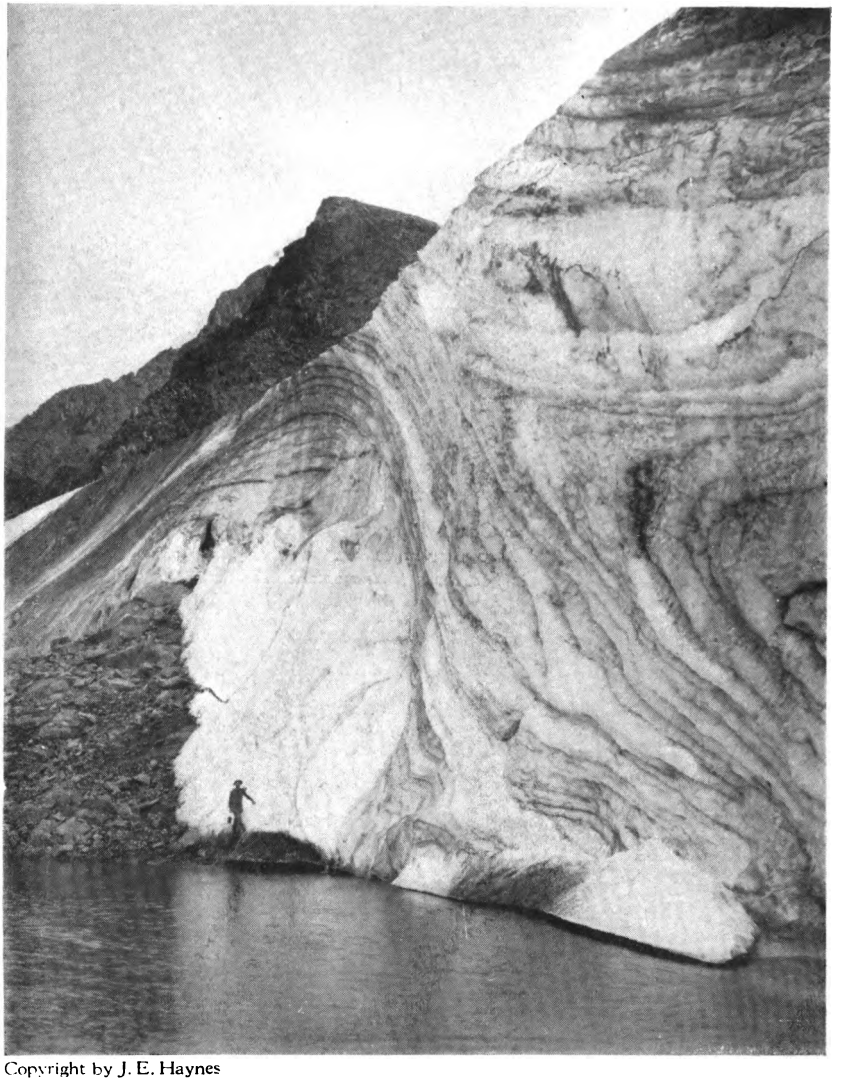

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Every variety of Nature's wonders seems to be included in Yellowstone. Here is Grasshopper Glacier: the figure of a man in the foreground indicates the proportions of this glacier. It is of unknown age, and extends in a sheer white expanse for a space roughly in extent between a mile and three-quarters of a mile. The upper covering is compacted snow, the under layer blue ice. The surface of the glacier to a great depth is filled with dead grasshoppers, hence its name

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animals, too, are roaming about in the freedom of the wild. Only the beaver seems to reap the benefit of a night's work after ceasing his gnawing of aspen trees and building dams.

Here and there we may see the silhouette of the black bear or of the cinnamon bear, moving about restlessly with the heavy clump, clump, of his ungainly legs.

It is a magnificent sight, these geysers in play, with their great arches of water dipping and fluttering in a liquid column, as if in a shower of diamonds, which, to many observers, has suggested a halo about the head of Divinity. Every geyser seems to give warning before the graceful column arises, and the falling water rushes back in little rivulets as though to prepare for another display.

The varied color of the waters in the lakes side by side—the one purple, another glinted with red, and a third a pure, transparent white, as though the mantles of the Three Graces, are the glory of the fountains of youth ever seeking to beautify the brimstone depths below. Here there are truly "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

In Old Faithful Inn and in the camps along the rivers and valleys, awhile mortals sleep, the geysers stand vigil, giving to Yellowstone the dramatic touch that breathes, and arouses emotions and imaginings that linger in the memories of a lifetime.

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Here are the things that we shall dream of in our tired moments when we are struggling with every-day work and troubles. Back in the whirl of the world sweet thoughts will come to our minds, when aweary we lie down on our pillows to sleep. Then will come the refreshing memories of the days at Yellowstone. Somewhere in the distance we shall again hear the whirring of the wings of fairies in the wee sma' hours, when the "goblins will get you"—a willing captive in geyser land.

"Bubble, bubble, gurgle, splatter!
Always something is the matter!
I'm the Dragon's Mouth, the geyser—
Mother Earth, we do despise her.
Come not near me!
Can't you hear me?
E'en the beasts and wild birds fear me!
Down within me hear me roaring,
Hear my tumult and my snoring,
Belching forth with mud and sulphur—
Mother Earth I would engulf her!
Don't disturb me.
You perturb me,
There's no man nor beast can curb me!
Feel my hot breath on your hand here!
I'll destroy you if you stand here!"

Thus bellows the boiling pot of mud and sulphur known as the "Mud Volcano." Quietly bubbling at one moment, it growls, spits, and curses the next. Spouts of mud are splattering here and there, sometimes reaching as high as the trunks of the trees on the crags above. I stand waiting for the next

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move, but even as I stand there comes to me a call from far away—a beckoning to the snowflaked mountains, a call from the pits of Lucifer to the peace of the far-away hills, and with joyful step I leave this turbulence of hell for the more peaceful country of Old Faithful. Yet, even as I move away, the demon seems to call after me:

"Ka-lop, Ke-lop!
I shall not stop
Until I've marred the great earth's features,
Scalded, blinded all her creatures."

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XIII

DAWN AT OLD FAITHFUL, ETERNITY'S TIMEPIECE

IN many great dramas and operatic masterpieces the curtain rises upon the dim virgin light of a new dawn. It brings with it the atmosphere of a beginning—a soothing prologue to the birth of day. It carries the echoes of the whispering night, when the moon had beat to the windward, and stranded on the pallid coast of morn. It all breathes of the hope that springs Eternal in the human breast.

This closing chapter paradoxically deals with the dawn. It is the scene that comes first and last to mind in the magic of "Yellowstone" memories—the Dawn at Old Faithful. It was the epilogue of the days in Dreamland.

The great clock over the huge fireplace in the lobby of the Inn, with its massive pendulum, is the watchman of the night.

We are called early for the dawn. In the half-awake moments the refrain of "Cadman's "Dawn" rings in my ears, with its chromatic, melodic charm sounding the bugle call of love, where "all the sounds of morning meet." The filmy tenderness of cloudland

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in all its subtle, indefinable charm, seems all-pervading as we gather in groups on the veranda. We have come by ones and twos, rubbing our eyes. All are intent on the watches, counting the seconds to see if Old Faithful will join the dawn-fest on time, but this does not check an occasional yawn. There are doubters, but faith is dominant among those who have come to look upon the light of the great Geyser which John Burroughs and Theodore Roosevelt gazed upon and pronounced the "wonder-fountain of Time."

Here before this great palace of rough-hewn logs the christening party is gathered to see the new born day baptized in the waters of a fountain Eternal. To some it is the first, and to others the last act witnessed in the drama of the Yellowstone. To me it is the finale of the great play that began with the Morning Stars, and passed through the other Lights and Shadows of a Day Eternal.

There is a hush—the chatter ceases—no signal flash is necessary. We *feel* that the moment has arrived. Slowly rising from her earthly bed the white light of the waters appears against the background of the forest. The sheen of the foam begins to overpower the mists—it lives! The waters rush up and up; higher and higher it surges as if eager to nestle in the bosom of the cloud overhead. The overture medley of steam and vapor grows louder with rapid crescendo. Onward, upward, the pillar

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of water climbs higher until it has reached more than a hundred feet; then, as if shaking its head triumphantly, it begins a graceful descent, and clings to the whistling mane of morning wind. The dawn has been christened in jeweled light of glittering jets.

The sun is not yet risen. The dreamless drapery of a peaceful awakening is drawn aside, and the searchlight of the advancing rays of the Sun tints the clouds with queenly radiance.

Old Faithful is crowned—Eternity's Timepiece.

In the beauty of dawn it presents a symbol to man—fortifying Faith in man and his Maker. Arrayed in the hues of the rainbow, it reveals the new prophecy, remindful of that given to Noah, "no more the deluge of human blood."

Hour after hour, for countless millions of hours in days agone, Old Faithful has given its message of loyalty and truth, measuring every hour as it passes in the march of endless time. With an outburst of inanimate ecstasy, keeping step with Old Father Time longer than any work of man's handicraft, Eternity's Timepiece brings its benediction of good will and hope through the dawns of the centuries.

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XIV

YELLOWSTONE TRADITIONS AND DISCOVERIES

AROUND the fireplace in the camp we hear the story of the adventures of Jim Bridger. The untrodden empire of the Fire King is now open as a playground for even babes and children. The early tales of adventurous spirits conquering the wilderness fired the imagination of James G. Blaine, who, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, signed the bill which created the Park.

When one is actually in the Park the geography of the United States looks different. It seems to furnish one a bird's-eye-view-point that brings the boundary lines of state and nation within quick survey.

Now for the traditions. The reminiscences of James Bridger, the Virginia-born scout, who lived in these mountains as early as 1824, have the comradic interest of a discoverer. At the age of twenty-four he was known as the "Old Man of the Mountains." It was he who discovered the great Salt Lake and the trails that bear his name. He won the confidence of the Indians, by whom he was

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trusted and respected for he later married three Indian wives in succession, one a Shoshone Indian maid—but he always seemed to miss the confidence of his white brethren as to the veracity of the apparently wild tales he told of his newly discovered wonderland.

James Bridger was a natural-born topographer. With a piece of charcoal and a buffalo skin he was able to mark out the first outlines of the region lying in the trackless wilderness—the first map of Yellowstone ever drawn. Like Balboa, Jim Bridger has the distinction of being a discoverer, for his record is the first ever given of Yellowstone Park.

During a life of continuous adventures he related tales that have been handed down in the archives of the Park. Some day James Bridger should have a monument in Yellowstone. When he returned to civilization from the wonders of the Dreamland his stories were not believed. Time has justified his prophecies that Yellowstone would one day be looked upon as one of the seven wonders of the world.

James Bridger's romantic picture of the headwaters of the Yellowstone, given in 1852, was the first specific reference to the uncanny phenomenon of the upper Yellowstone. He described the lake as sixty miles long, cold and pellucid, lying embosomed among high precipitous mountains. He told how the west side was a sloping plain, several

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miles wide, with clumps of trees and groves of pine; that the ground resounded with the tread of horses; geysers spouting up seventy feet high, with a terrific, hissing noise, at regular intervals. Waterfalls sparkling, leaping and thundering down the precipices, and collecting in the prism-colored pools below—the river roaring for fifteen miles through the perpendicular canyon at the outlet. He insisted that in this section the Great Springs were so hot that meat was readily cooked in them, and pictured the marble baths on the successive terraces; and on the other side an acid spring, which gushes out in a river torrent; below a cave, which supplies "vermilion" war paint for the savages.

All this was looked upon in those days as Jim Bridger's yarns. Today we recognize in his crude strong poetic picture of lake, geyser basin and Cinnabar Mountain the Yellowstone of today. No periodical or newspaper would print Bridger's crude and illiterate account in those days. His articles were suppressed, because the editors were told that if they printed any of Jim Bridger's yarns they would be laughed out of town, "for it was nothing more than one of James Bridger's lies." Time has vindicated the "scout of the mountains." His reckless exaggerations are now the foundation of poetic rhapsody. Jim Bridger had the basis of fact and the soul of truth, which a great philosopher said "exists in things erroneous."

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One of Bridger's famous stories was concerning the day he came in sight of an elk, which he fired at but missed. He later discovered that he was firing at a mountain of perfectly transparent glass, and at his rear was the elk quietly grazing while he fired at his image.

James Bridger turned everything to practical account, using the phenomena of an echo, which originating in one camp did not return for six hours, as an ideal alarm clock. Upon retiring at night he would cry out, "Time to get up!" and true to his calculation, the alarm clock would roll back when it was necessary for Jim to get up to see the dawn six hours later.

Then there was Alum Creek. When he bathed in it, it would so draw his face into shape that it was impossible to get it straightened out for an hour or so. There were also the boiling pools, where he used to cook his lake trout, almost as soon as it was caught.

The petrifications on Specimen Ridge were his art gallery. He claimed that the mountain was cursed by a medicine man and everything was instantly petrified and has remained so ever since. All forms of life are standing about in stone where they had fallen under petrifying force. Even the sage brush, grass, prairie fowl, antelope, elk, and bears may there be seen as perfect as in actual life. Dashing torrents and the spray mist from them

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stand forth in arrested motion, as if carved from rock by a sculptor's chisel. Flowers are blooming in colors of crystal, and birds soar with wings spread in motionless flight, and Jim insisted that his horse jumped across a petrified chasm because it was a place where the attraction of gravitation was ossified. Bless the soul of James Bridger! With his sense of humor and his wild flights of imagination he finally led the scientists on to the new Eldorado.

Gold seekers did not pass by the wonders of Yellowstone, but they found no treasure. Curiously enough there seemed to be a something that deterred the settlers and pioneers from utilizing these wonder spots. With all its tempting pasture lands, trees and wealth of color and mineral splendor, the frontier pioneers did not linger long in the land of the geysers.

It is recorded that Walter W. DeLacy might have been given the distinction of being the real discoverer of Yellowstone, but he failed to appreciate the importance of what his eyes beheld as did Jim Bridger. Today the traditions of the old trappers' tales are familiar to the children in the schools, poring over their geographies, and looking upon that magic area indicated in a yellow block on the map, now christened Yellowstone National Park.

Cornelius Hedges, a member of the Washburn-Doane party of explorers who left the Prickley Pear Valley, below Helena, Mont., in 1870, is officially

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credited with being the father of the National Park idea. It was an evening in camp at the junction of the Gibbon and Firehole Rivers. The adventurous explorers, their minds filled with the glories of the Yellowstone, were speaking of its future. Some suggested that they should file claims to the region, set up a toll gate and charge admittance like a circus. But no. Mr. Hedges finally spoke the convictions of all when he said, in effect: "Men, this is too big a thing for private gain. This belongs to all the people. It should be a National Park, free and open to everybody." Thus was born the National Park idea.

The Earl of Dunraven, the English explorer, visited the Park in 1874 and paid one of the earliest tributes to Yellowstone: "All honor then to the United States for having bequeathed as a free gift to man, the beauties and curiosities of 'Wonderland.' It was an act worthy of a great nation, and she will have her reward in the praise of the present army of tourists, no less than in the thanks of the generations of them yet to come." "Dunraven Pass" is named in honor of this English enthusiast. General W. T. Sherman (Old Tecumseh) visited the Park, and added to his classic utterance: "War is hell": "Here are evidences of hell in leash."

The only monument that remains in the Park recalling James Bridger is "Bridger's Lake," a quiet little water jewel among the mountains that he

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loved so well. Around the shores of these waters in the light of a camp fire, we heard the traditions and park-lore from the lips of an old ranger.

As he arose to say good-night, he stretched himself to full height:

"Jim Bridger's face appears every night to me in fancy mirrored in these still waters and I shout back, 'Jim, they found it out—another *miracle* has happened—all the world *believes* Jim Bridger's yarns'!"

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XV

GLORIES OF THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY YEAR

THERE is a glow and charm about golden weddings that is irresistible. This is the golden anniversary year of Yellowstone. It is celebrated in a motion picture of Nature's great romance flashed upon the screen of the sky and earth—in God's open, where, under the light of the vaulted heavens, an audience of over one hundred thousand visitors will attend and celebrate the event.

The first open door for an acquaintance with Yellowstone wonders came through the building of a transcontinental railroad. This was followed by the courage of pioneers in constructing hotels for the tourists, who follow in the wake of hotels.

For more than half a century the Northern Pacific Railway has been active in the development of America's premier national park. Even before the last spike was driven, completing this transcontinental railroad in 1883, they had begun advertising its wonders, and surveyed a branch line from Livingston, Montana, to Cinnabar, later extending it to Gardiner. This is the original gateway into the Park.

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For many years the returns were not sufficient to pay for the heavy investment in the park branch. Many thousands of dollars had been expended in providing accommodations and transportation for visitors. There were large deficits in those days, but the railroad continued to care for the proper handling of people in the park, confident of the future.

In these critical times, the vision of Mr. Howard Elliott, then president of the Northern Pacific Railway, carried Yellowstone on. Through his leadership, the resources and credit of a great railroad were pledged to the park. New hotels were financed, improved transportation provided—no funds were spared to make Yellowstone easy to reach, to see and to enjoy.

When others doubted, it was Howard Elliott who insisted that Yellowstone should become the world's greatest park. It was his foresight, courage and faith that drove ahead the Yellowstone's development in days when faith was needed.

The Northern Pacific brought America to Yellowstone in the beginning and America has spread its fame and its glories. This year nearly one hundred thousand people visited the park and are far richer for the experience. The vision of Howard Elliott is fulfilled.

Today the United States government is administering and developing the assets of its work in a

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thorough and commendable way through Superintendent H. M. Albright, with his loyal and efficient corps, counting much on the co-operation of the pioneer railroad.

The Old Inn at Mammoth was the pioneer. In 1872 Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, signed the bill that made Yellowstone Park the playground of the people. Year by year the welcome has widened for the traveller-tourist to this treasure land of Nature.

The Yellowstone Park hotels are accepted models the world over. Harry W. Child built them. Challenged by nature, he devoted his finest talents and personal means to give the park a system of hotels of which the nation might be proud. Each one of them fits a particular environment. Aided by a young architect, Robert C. Reamer, Mr. Child created Old Faithful Inn, a log-cabin glorified into a magnificent hotel.

They had traveled far over the world in search of suggestions, but held to their dominant purpose to construct everything in keeping with the environs and the site. Mr. Child felt that these features could not be improved upon, and that it would be an impertinence to strike a discordant note in the lines for these castles in Dreamland.

There was the old yellow Fountain House, now deserted. It was calcimined with the product of Mammoth's paint pots near at hand.

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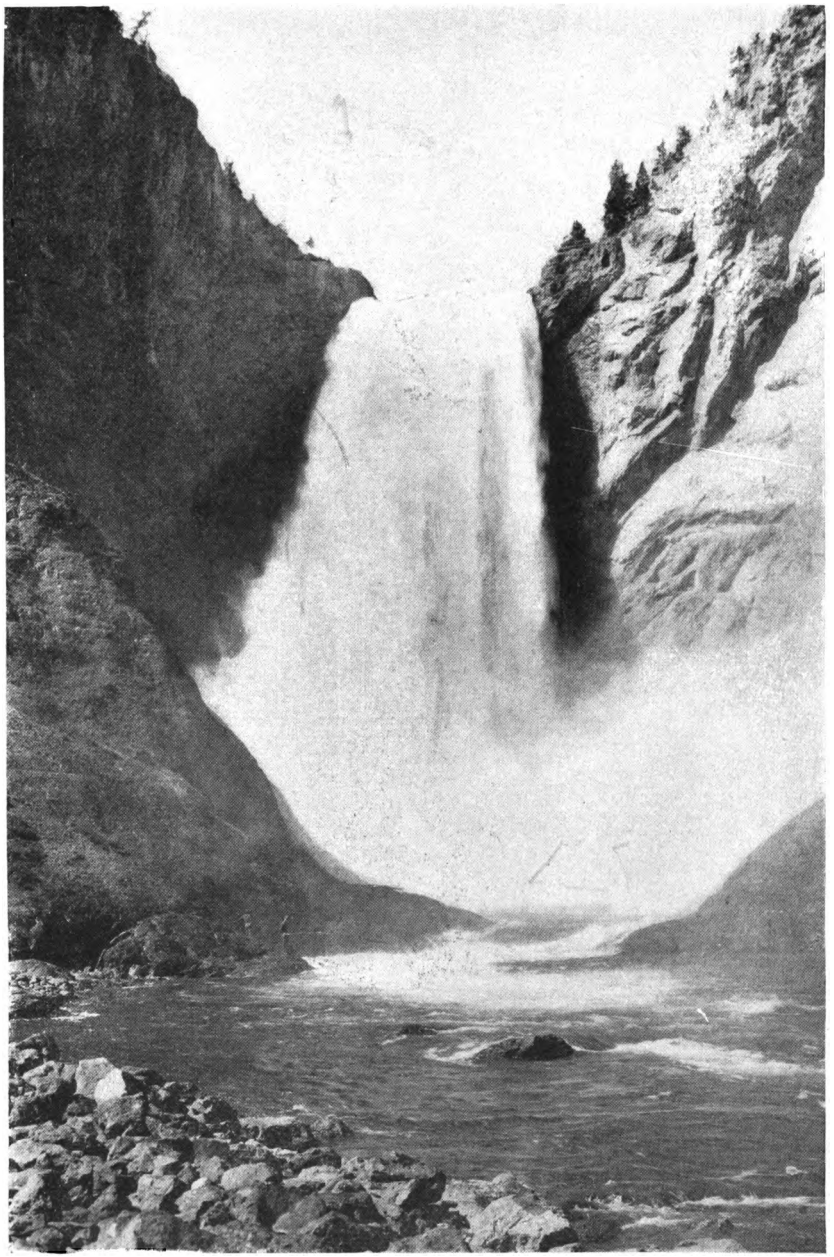

Photo by J. E. Haynes

The music of the twain of Yellowstone Falls, sounding like a great diapason of the organ playing the wedding march of Heaven and Earth, go on and on forever

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Copyright by J. E. Haynes

Scenes in fairyland are awakened when the spectacular grotto and geyser are viewed in action

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In the days gone by, stage coaches, drawn by prancing steeds, pushed on through the clouds of dust to the scenes of mystic wonders, at a slow pace compared to these days of motors.

Among these triumphs is the hotel at the Canyon, with its square timbers so harmoniously fitted to reflect the spirit of the surroundings. The sharp angles of square rafters and pillars soften into archways and recesses. Every vista is like a framed picture. The perspective, looking down into the great Lounge, or toward the Lobby from the far end, suggests a spacious baronial hall, harking back to the beauty and symmetry of Egyptian temples. The architect rendered cryptic expression and carried the ideals of primal shrines.

The interior furnishings are trophies brought from all over the world in order to make interesting this resting place for the world traveller. The Lounge at the Canyon is a view of superlative beauty and restfulness and renowned the world over.

The building of the Canyon hotel is chronicled as one of the miracles in the constructive work in the Park. It was erected amid great hardships and serious handicaps during the winter months. The achievement is a tribute to the energy and courage of American craftsmanship. The materials were hauled up the mountain by two hundred teams and fifty drivers who faced the fury of mountain blizzards with the thermometer racing down to forty degrees

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below zero. The clatter of the hammers sounded like muffled musketry fire directed upon a real machine-gun nest "objective."

"Camp Roosevelt," a snug log hut camp named for the late President Roosevelt, is surrounded with a hedge of elk antlers. These antlers, which are seen here and there, are not taken directly from the elk. Each year these animals shed their horns, as if to add something to adorn appropriately the habitations of the Park. Located not far from the Buffalo ranch, Camp Roosevelt seems to partake of the virile spirit of the sturdy American for whom it was named. Leading about in all directions are the tracks of wild animals.

Yellowstone Park has been visited by three Presidents while in office. President Arthur and his Cabinet were there in '83, with a party conducted by General Phil Sheridan, the hero of Winchester, "20 miles away." With this party was Robert T. Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, who was at that time Secretary of War. Senator Vest of Missouri here added his eloquent and glowing tribute to the natural beauties of Yellowstone, not forgetting his classic tribute to his faithful dog.

As President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt laid the cornerstone of the Gardiner Gateway, making an address to three thousand people who had gathered from the surrounding country in the chill of April days in 1903. The vigor of the

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day suited well the sturdy spirit of the intrepid Roosevelt.

His tribute at that time has already become a prophecy fulfilled.

On a full-orbed August day an humble, round pool, lying near the source of Obsidian Creek, burst forth in wild abandon, throwing a column of murky mud and rocks in mid-air over three hundred feet. It continued for some minutes and responded, as with an encore, at irregular intervals, shooting up a column of mud and water higher than the Bunker Hill Monument, breaking all altitude records for geyser-spouting within the park. A well-traveled automobile road and several acres of geyser land near Norris Basin, were deluged with the Styxian flood, suggesting impish fury that the queenly purity of an Old Faithful should have so long held the center of the stage. Boulders were even fired by hydraulic pressure, bombarding the automobiles waiting nearby with people while viewing this unusual spectacle.

This was in the golden anniversary year, 1922, and the plebian mud pool was now christened "Semi-Centennial Geyser" in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the park as a national playground. Lights and shadows come and go in the Empire of Geyserdom. The Prince of Darkness now and then rallies his envoys of gloom and despair —but the Queen of Day reigns supreme in her court

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of sunshine, ever responding to the first command of God, "Let there be light."

By day and by night, in storm and sunshine, courtiers in gleaming armor of white foam bid defiance to the mud-flinging monsters and carry high the shining symbols from earth to cloudland, to have and to hold the weird goblin land of geyser realms under the celestial colors of light.

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XVI

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S PROPHETIC TRIBUTE TO YELLOWSTONE

DURING a bitter cold day, April 24, 1903, Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, delivered an official estimate and personal tribute to Yellowstone at the borders of the Park. The occasion was the laying of the cornerstone of the impressive archway at the Gardiner entrance. Several thousand people gathered from these sparsely settled parts and listened with bared heads and appreciative ears to this tribute from one who knew and had felt the power of Nature's charms in God's open.

Cowboys were there—cowboys who rode the range in the eighties when young Roosevelt was at the Medora Dakota ranch, recuperating and storing up the health and vigor that later enabled him to hold firm the torch of Conscience and light the pathway of duty for the people of his beloved country during the World War. That vigor, too, played its part in making him a man of destiny as President of the United States. He understood this domain of the free West. His words at this time are historic and prophetic.

From the hands of Mrs. Roosevelt herself I

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received a copy of his treasured address at Yellowstone to include as a climax to my own work—a voice from the heights—words which will never be forgotten—a glowing tribute to the Nation's Wonderland—a place "not wholly to be paralleled elsewhere on the globe."

"The Yellowstone Park is something absolutely unique in the world, . . . Nowhere else in any civilized country is there to be found such a tract of veritable wonderland made accessible to all visitors, where at the same time not only the scenery of the wilderness, but the wild creatures of the Park are scrupulously preserved; the only change being that these same wild creatures have been so carefully protected as to show a literally astounding tameness.

"The creation and preservation of such a great natural playground in the interest of our people as a whole is a credit to the nation; but above all a credit to Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho. It has been preserved with wise foresight, and the scheme of its preservation is noteworthy in its essential democracy. Private game preserves, though they may be handled in such a way as to be not only good things for themselves, but good things for the surrounding community, can yet never be more than poor substitutes, from the standpoint of the public, for great national playgrounds such as this Yellowstone Park. This Park was created, and is now administered, for the benefit and enjoyment of the people.

"The Government must continue to appropriate for it, especially in the direction of completing and perfecting an excellent system of driveways. But already its beauties can be seen with great comfort in a short space of time and at an astoundingly small cost, and with the sense on the part of every visitor that it is in part his property—the property of Uncle Sam, and therefore of all of us.

"When we have a good system of carriage roads throughout the Park—for, of course, it would be very unwise to allow either steam or electric roads in the Park—we shall have a region as easy and accessible to travel in, as it is already every

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whit as interesting as any similar territory of the Alps or the Italian Riviera. The geysers, the extraordinary hot springs, the lakes, the mountains, the canyons, and cataracts, unite to make this region something not wholly to be *paralleled elsewhere on the globe.* It must be kept for the benefit and enjoyment of all of us; and I hope to see a steadily increasing number of our people take advantage of its attractions. At present it is rather singular that a greater number of people come from Europe to see it than come from our own eastern states. The people nearby seem awake to its beauties; and I hope that more and more of our people who dwell far off will appreciate its really marvellous character.

"I have always thought it was a *liberal education to any man of the East to come West,* and he can combine profit with pleasure if he will incidentally visit this Park, the Grand Canyon of Colorado, and Yosemite, and take the sea voyage to Alaska.

"But of course this Park, also because of its peculiar features, is to be preserved as a beautiful natural playground. Here all the wild creatures of the old days are being preserved, and their overflow into the surrounding country, so long as the laws are observed by all, will ensure to the people and to their children and to their children's children much of the old-time pleasure of the hardy life of the wilderness and of the hunter in the wilderness. This pleasure, moreover, can, under such conditions, be kept for all who have the love of adventure and the hardihood to take advantage of it, with small regard for what their fortune may be. I cannot too often repeat that the essential feature in the present management of the Yellowstone Park, as in all similar places, *is its essential democracy*—it is the preservation of the scenery, of the forests, of the wilderness life and the wilderness game for the people as a whole, instead of leaving the enjoyment thereof confined to the very rich who can control private reserves. I have been literally astounded at the enormous numbers of elk, deer, antelope, and mountain sheep which I have seen on their wintering grounds; and the deer and sheep in particular are quite as tame as range stock. This is a territory which I look to see develop astoundingly within the next decade or two."

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Nineteen years after this utterance Yellowstone Park has witnessed the prophecy fulfilled and going on to further fulfillment. Nearly one hundred thousand people of varied wealth and station have revelled in the delights of Yellowstone Dreamland within the three brief summer months. Its wonderful highways are open to the public. The records of W. M. Nichols, in charge of hotels and transportation, and the report of Superintendent Albright, director of the park, prove mathematically that the fiftieth anniversary year of Yellowstone Park was a golden memory to a myriad of delighted guests in Uncle Sam's great playground domain.

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Photo by J. E. Haynes

Atop o' Mt. Washburn, the one point where the visitor feels that he is truly above the world. The road leading to the summit of this peak of the Rockies is a marvel of engineering. Here the visitors may enjoy a blizzard in July, coming in contact with the caprice of nature in cloudland. Traveling by automobile to this summit is a thrill of mountain climbing. The altitude is over 10,000 feet—two miles in mid-air above sea level

Photo by J. E. Haynes

There is a magnetic majesty about Electric Peak, eleven thousand feet high. It is the highest mountain in the Park. The mountain contains a large amount of magnetic ore, which defies all surveying instruments and invites lightning flashes during an electric storm, vividly portraying the battlements of heaven, furnishing a glare that no human device has ever been able to simulate

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The nuptials of heaven and earth are vividly portrayed at Hymen Terrace near Mammoth Hot Springs. It is a glow of color that thrills the heart of the artist. A veil of steam softens and blends its vivid colorings, while innumerable water-glazed knobs reflect the sunlight like a thousand mirrors

Photo by J. E. Haynes

At a fitting celebration of the golden anniversary of Yellowstone Park, Superintendent H. M. Albright and C. W. Cook, explorer of the Cook and Folsom Expedition of 1869, gathered at the junction sign to do honor to the occasion, while Miss Dixie Anzer christened the sign with the floral emblem

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XVII

"EVERY GATE A PEARL" OF NATURE'S WONDERS

LIKE King Solomon's Temple, Yellowstone has four gates indicated by the points of the compass—North, South, East and West. Each entrance has its own distinctive and varied charm. One eminent American has remarked that these four portals encompass scenic vestibules unsurpassed, and that the tourist does not fully know the park unless touching at more than one of these unparalleled pathways to Nature's wonderland blazed through the trackless Rockies.

When the Union Pacific pushed on over mountain and valley to open the West Yellowstone Entrance, it required vision and courage. The task was a triumph in further expanding the myriad vistas to the great throngs of tourists, with a scroll of scenic grandeur in the approach to this acme of Nature's allurements.

When the long passenger trains, following the Overland Trails, or after a night's run from Salt Lake, arrive at West Yellowstone, there is first of all a meal at the restaurant that has the suggestions of a Waldorf spread. It is a repast that has the

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blend of Biltmore's best and mother's own breakfast. It is served with a smile and carries a welcome that makes the visitor look forward to a few days of unalloyed pleasure and freedom in a gambol amid the wilds of primeval nature.

The West Yellowstone entrance is a mountain village in the making. This is the panorama suggested in the surroundings, the winding drive down the Madison River, bordered by mountains, festooned with pines. There is an air of freedom that comes when passing the boundary line, looking out upon the snow-capped peaks standing out like sentinels eternal. The West Yellowstone entrance, paradoxical as it may seem, is the gateway for many thousands from the East.

The new station, enveloped in its mountainesque atmosphere of a Swiss chalet, contains rest rooms where the traveler, going or coming, may brush up, wash up, rest up and prepare, if he needs, for a social function after a day's drive through the park. Here the tourists, arriving and departing, continue the bombardment of souvenir postals fast and furious. Many postals are written with sentiments of farewell, by those arriving, as if they were leaving for a foreign land. The tides of tourist travel here meet with the ebb of those leaving, and the flow of those who are to ever after refer to the "days I was in Yellowstone" with an air of pleasant reminiscence and supreme satisfaction.

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The yellow label of Yellowstone, with its bear crest on valise, suit case, or trunk, is a hallmark of distinction to the American traveler. It is the mark of a climax or post-graduate travel course. The West Yellowstone unfolds to the tourists, mile by mile the scroll of Yellowstone wonders, leading on to climax after climax, until the realities of the photographs seem tame. Rolling over the fine roads in the yellow-bus chariots, the visitor pinches himself and finds in this dreamland a realization that surpasses all fantastic conceptions. Whether it is North or West, East or South, the entrances to Yellowstone mark the spot where the curtains are drawn and the dramatic revelation of Nature's wonders proceeds, without plot or sequence, in scenes that thrill with the vision of Revelations—"and every gate a pearl"—of memories that abide.

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XVIII

MOTHER EARTH'S DAY OF PEACE ETERNAL

GOLDEN, glorious hours in a day of peace eternal are the memories that remain of my tour of the park.

Every part of each day has its moods. Every scene fits into its appropriate niche. An oriflamme, heralding the symbol of mature motherhood appears so supreme, so kind, so maternal in these days. She understands, as a mother would, everything that might come to pass. And I just laid my head in Mother Nature's lap and let her tell me stories. Here she reigns supreme; man and beast, bird and fish seem to realize that they belong to the one great kinship in the household of God.

Mother Earth Eternal is ever ready to comfort and to heal the wounds of her children; the scars of Time struggles are softened in the beauties of floral remembrance, ready to hold us to her great breast and to soothe us off to slumberland; ready to care for the weak and to rejoice in the dominant strength and grandeur that creation presents to adorn this realm. In her moments of wrath, she defends her own with the ferocity of a mother shielding her young.

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Mother Earth's peace conference agenda is transcendent in proving the impregnable honesty of nature, as the ideal motive of life—away from the language of lies, and speaking the heart truth. Every creature, every light and shadow, things animate and things inanimate—all join us in a tribute to the great Mother, who reigns in her Day Eternal.

There is no heavy alarm of thunder, and the tongues of lightning speak without roar or pomp. The week is even as a day in this sanctuary where God and man dwell at peace with all things. The trapper and the huntsman have gone; the Indian and the soldier have passed away; and as we stand in the midst of Nature's glories, we fancy that we hear the song that the cowboy sang to his cattle in years gone by, while the Indian lighted his signal fires, which were flashed back in reply from the vastness of the mountains many miles in the distance—but now all is peace—the hope of the world —in the harmony of happiness.

The enchantment is intensified in the understanding of every passing moment of the day and night. Each has its influence and plays its part in this great arena, where generations ago, the tourists began to gather, following in the footsteps of the early adventurers who blazed the old trails. We think of the brave pioneers who traversed these labyrinths of fallen timbers and builded the roads through this primeval fastness, where sunshine turns the clear

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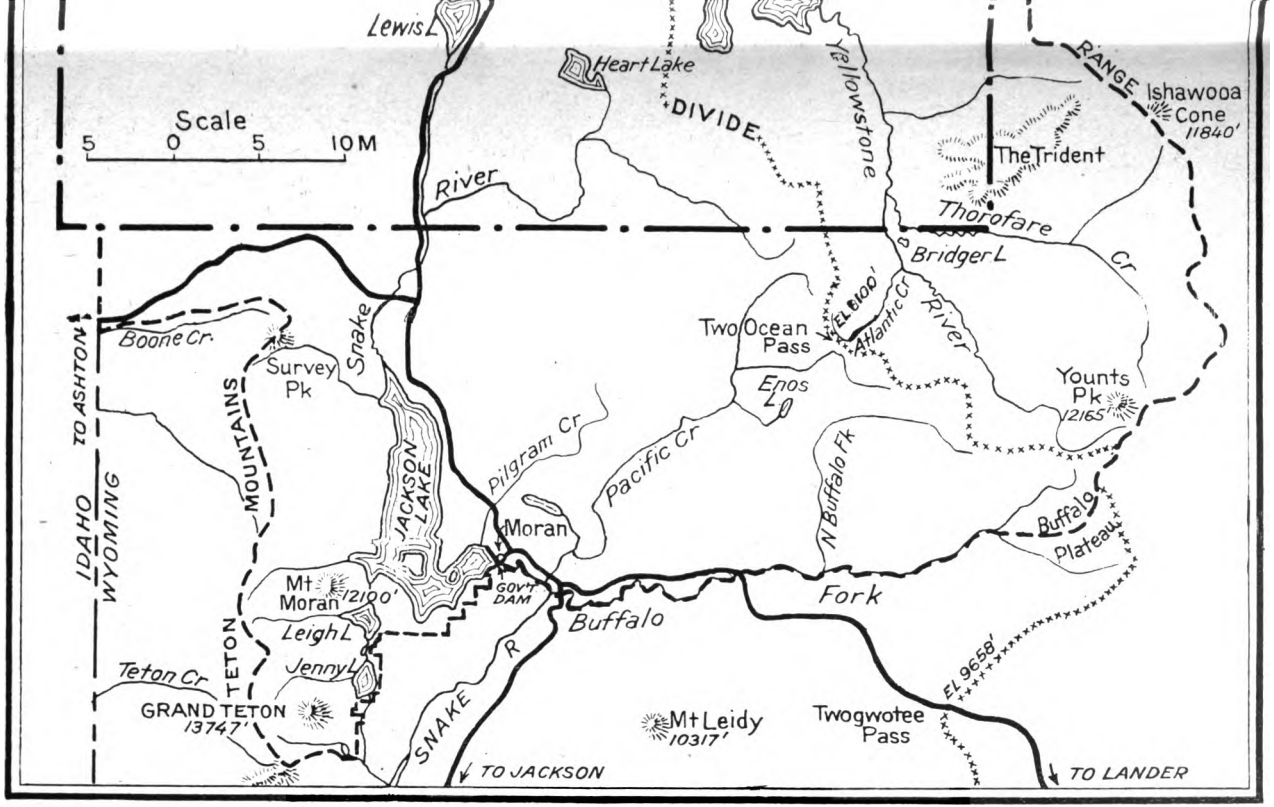

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Every acre of this area is hallowed ground to the wild game, the bears, the buffaloes, the beavers, and the elks. Here you can draw the fanciful picture of "The Devil's Golf Course," but no map can portray what is visible to the human eye and felt in the emotions of looking upon the marvels contained within the boundary of Uncle Sam's premier playground

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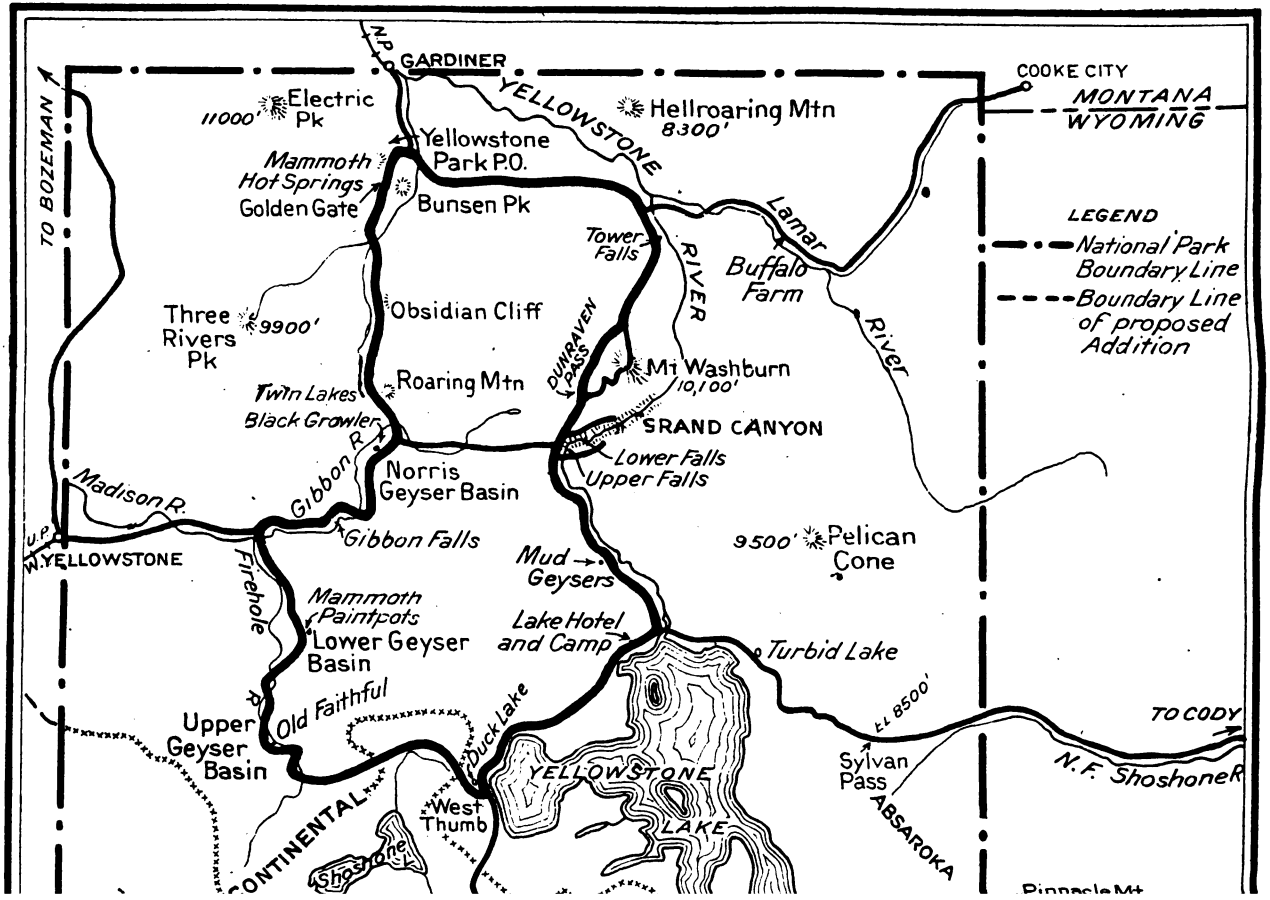
GARDINER
N.P.R.R.
YELLOWSTONE
COOKE CITY
MONTANA
WYOMING
TO BOZEMAN
Electric Pk
11000'
Hellroaring Mtn
8300'
Yellowstone Park P.O.
Mammoth Hot Springs
Golden Gate
Bunsen Pk
Tower Falls
RIVER
Lamar
Buffalo Farm
River
LEGEND
National Park Boundary Line
Boundary Line of proposed Addition
Three Rivers Pk
9900'
Obsidian Cliff
DUNRAVEN PASS
Mt Washburn
10,100'
Twin Lakes
Black Growler
Roaring Mtn
GRAND CANYON
Lower Falls
Upper Falls
Gibbon R.
Norris Geyser Basin
Madison R.
U.P.
W. YELLOWSTONE
Gibbon Falls
9500'
Pelican Cone
Mud Geysers
Firehole R.
Mammoth Paintpots
Lower Geyser Basin
Lake Hotel and Camp
Turbid Lake
Old Faithful
Upper Geyser Basin
Duck Lake
8500'
TO CODY
Sylvan Pass
N.F. Shoshone R.
YELLOWSTONE LAKE
West Thumb
ABSAROKA
CONTINENTAL
Shoshone L.
Pinnacle Mt

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